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OUR PRESIDENT PUTS HIS FOOT DOWN, AND THE BRITISH LION WILL HAVE TO WRIGGLE OUT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872.

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive the Fourth Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

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ANY THING TO BEAT GRANT.

THE arguments against a Democratic adoption of Mr. GREELEY at Baltimore, so far as they relate to principle, are, of course, conclusive. There is really no man in the country who is so curiously antagonistic in every political principle to the Democratic party as Mr. GREELEY. He was the Whiggest of Whigs and the most radical of Republicans. Every thing which the Democrats did he opposed; every thing which he favored they declared to be not only unconstitutional, but unsound in political philosophy. The adoption of Mr. GREELEY by the Democrats, therefore, is as if the French BOURBONS should seat CLUSERET upon the throne of ST. LOUIS.

But it is not a matter of principle with either party to the coalition. Its battle-cry is, Any thing to beat GRANT. And has the meaning of that cry been well pondered by any body but the wily Democratic leaders? The situation to them is as plain as it ought to be to every body. If General GRANT should be re-elected, the Democratic party would inevitably dissolve; and once out of the way, new parties and departures would be possible, as they are not and can not be now. And the supposition that they are or could be has been the vital error of Mr. SCHURZ'S view during the whole year.

Now the Democratic leaders do not wish their party to be dissolved, for in new combinations what might become of them? To save the organization, therefore, at all hazards, is at present their sole care. They must lighten the ship, now on its beam ends, even if the whole cargo goes overboard, and as the cargo is of no value, it will be no sacrifice. Even if these leaders should nominate a Democrat, their platform would be only abuse of the radicals and denunciation of the Administration, and that is even more agreeable to the Cincinnati "crowd" than to the Democrats themselves. Nothing, therefore, would be gained by a "straight" nomination; but there is a chance of some Republican votes should Mr. GREELEY be nominated. To appease the party feeling the leaders argue truly that Mr. GREELEY is in no proper sense a Republican candidate. The only Cincinnati ratification meeting of any importance, that in New York, was a meeting of Democrats. Mr. BENJAMIN WOOD headed the list of vice-presidents, and the whole meeting had a flavor of Mr. BENJAMIN WOOD. And admitting, urge the leaders, that Mr. GREELEY has been always a Republican, yet if he is willing to run against the Republican party, with the support of the most conspicuous and unreconstructed of the late rebels, why should Northern Democrats plead a queasy stomach?

But above all rises the argument of party preservation. If GRANT succeeds, the party is surely gone. Any thing, therefore, which promises most to defeat GRANT is best for the Democratic party. A regular Democratic nomination would receive the regular Democratic vote, but no more; and that is merely decent burial, with a forlorn *hic jacet*. With Mr. GREELEY, however, there is a chance of some Republican votes. At this point, of course, the doctors disagree, for it is impossible to make it appear that there will be a Republican gain enough to balance the Democratic loss. The party drill, indeed, will do much. A regular Democratic nomination must be held to be binding upon the party. But, whatever is said, every body knows that there are hosts of Democrats who would not vote for the sage, whether as a regular or an irregular candidate.

Nevertheless, as Mr. GREELEY is the hopeful horn of the Democratic dilemma, he will probably be taken. Any thing to beat GRANT. Without the sage, destruction is sure. With him is the sole chance. The Democratic conviction is that if the chance should win, the Democratic organization would be saved; the Republican organization would be destroyed; and as the great mass of voters and the machinery which accomplished the result would be Democratic, and as Mr. GREELEY represents nothing in the canvass but the Democratic purpose of any-thing-to-beat-GRANT, the result must necessarily be a Democratic triumph, which would enable the party to intrench itself impregnably for the election of '76.

If these views are correct, it is a great error to suppose that the nomination and election of Mr. GREELEY by the Democratic party would be a dissolution of all parties. It would be only a Republican defeat probably resulting in an indefinite Democratic dominance. In the campaign which we suppose, Mr. GREELEY would represent nothing but the Democracy, while a candidate of the real Cincinnati men, even if defeated, would have stood for a new party with definite principles, the nucleus, possibly, of a new organization in 1876, after the dispersion and dissolution of the Democracy. Thus, if Mr. GREELEY should be nominated, as now seems very probable, at Baltimore, according to the regular usages and traditions of the party, he would be as much the Democratic candidate as Mr. SEYMOUR was in 1868. The question for the country would be now, as it was then, whether liberty, intelligence, and justice—the national stability, peace, and prosperity—would be more firmly secured by a Republican or a Democratic victory.

REFORM OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

SIX or seven years ago Mr. JENCKES, of Rhode Island, began the effective agitation in favor of reform of the civil service. The evils of the existing system had long been seen; they had often been exposed, and were seriously pondered by the most thoughtful people. There was not, however, and is not now, any objection to the theory of the present system of appointment. The difficulty is in what is proved by experience to be its necessary operation. If the appointing power would take care always to select honest and fit officers, nothing more could be asked, except that they should be retained so long as the honesty and efficiency remained. But the practice under all parties had become what every body familiar with the facts knows it to be. Good sense and experience suggested the remedy, and it was what Mr. JENCKES proposed. It was true that any kind of independent examination might be very imperfect, but it could not possibly be so absurd as the existing practice; and however politicians might theorize about it, the experience of other countries in its favor was conclusive.

So he urged his plan. Both parties, in Congress and elsewhere, snorted at it with scorn and rage. It was silly, cumbrous, unconstitutional, impracticable, visionary, absurd, hostile to the genius of our institutions, productive of an aristocracy, fatal to the ascendency of any administration party, and a proposal to run the government by a board of broken-down school-masters. No serious question of executive administration was ever treated in Congress with so little intelligence or reason. The debates upon the subject are laughable; they are humiliating to read. They all turn on two points. One is that a man is not necessarily a good inspector of snuff because he knows Greek, and the other that Senators and Representatives probably know quite as well as a squad of college professors who ought to have the post-offices. Whether it was the Democratic Judge WOODWARD, of Pennsylvania, or the Republican PETERS, of Maine, this was the burden of the song.

President GRANT differed. He constantly made the most urgent suggestions to Congress to do something to arrest the evil, and in the last moment of the last Congress a clause was attached to a miscellaneous appropriation bill authorizing him to take action upon the subject. Under that authority he promptly acted. He sent a special message to Congress in December, communicating the rules that he had adopted, and asking Congress to strengthen his hands. Both parties in Congress sneered as usual, and after a series of speeches as ludicrously feeble as they were contemptuous of the effort, an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars was made to enable the President to pay the expenses of his hobby. Those who hold with the Sage of Chappaqua that, as the way to resume specie payments is to resume, so the way to reform the civil service is to reform it, may think that this is an extravagant sum to pay for putting measures of reform in operation. Those who think upon the subject, however, will be of another opinion. Unless the President knows personally every body in the country, or knows those who recommend others for appointment, or believes that Senators and Representatives will always recommend proper persons for appointment, he must establish some methods of ascertaining fitness, and that can not be done without expense.

The President has lost no time in putting the system in operation. Examining boards have been appointed in each of the great departments. They have completed arrangements for the examinations in Washington and in the New York Custom-house, which will serve as a model for other ports. And while he has been acting in perfect good faith upon the subject, there has been on all sides a loud adhesion to the work. The Cincinnati Convention, the actual leaders of which were the most notorious political brokers in the country, passed a resolution which evaded the practical point of reform by declaring that its root was a single term for the President. The Republican Convention expressed itself unequivocally, demanding laws which should remove the evil of patronage. And Mr. HENDRICKS, in the Indiana Democratic Convention, declared that a radical reform was essential.

Thus all the conventions obey what they believe to be the wish of the people that the present practice should be changed. But that any of the "working politicians" of any party really wish it, we do not believe. What kind of civil service reform do General JOHN COCHRANE, Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY, Mr. OAKEY HALL, Mr. KINSELLA, and the Tammany Ring which supports Mr. GREELEY in New York, really desire? It is a mere joke to ask what reform of the kind the Democratic party, the great bulwark of the spoils system, wishes. It is notorious also that Republicans like Senator CARPENTER and Generals BUTLER and LOGAN are wholly hostile to any change. The only people who sincerely desire it are a small number in each party. Of the Cincinnati men, Mr. SCHURZ, for instance. Of the Democrats there are probably some. Of the Republicans there are many, such as the President, Senator EDMUNDS, Mr. SHELLABARGER, Mr. GARFIELD, Mr. PERRY, Mr. WILLARD, and others.

While, therefore, much of the chorus for civil service reform in all parties is mere lip-service, yet no one who is sincerely interested in it has any reason to regret its progress. When Mr. JENCKES began, it was often necessary to explain what was meant by the words civil service. And now, although ten years are not passed, a radical reform of the practice is demanded by every political organization in the country; and the sharpest shaft that can be flown at an opponent is that he is indifferent to this question. If, as we have suggested, the working politicians of all parties are of opinion that the government can not be carried on except upon the spoils system, their sagacity is as profound as usual, and they will live to learn better. And in the general attention which the subject is now commanding the country will not forget that, as it was a Democratic President who established the practice that the subordinate offices should be regarded as spoils, it is a Republican President who declares that "honesty and efficiency, not political activity, will determine the tenure of office."

THE "TRIBUNE'S" PROFOUND RESPECT.

THE New York *Tribune*, the chief organ of Mr. GREELEY, has been always renowned for the extreme editorial courtesy. It never called HORATIO SEYMOUR, when commenting upon his speech, a liar; and it never cried to another of its contemporaries, "You lie, you villain; you lie." The sweetness of the *Tribune's* tongue is known of all men, and the latest illustration of its affability is characteristic. It declares that it "can not speak but in terms of profound respect" of "the venerable editor of the *Evening Post*," WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, who signed the call for the conference at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and it immediately proceeds to do so by saying that "fifty years ago" he "would have been redoubtable." How profoundly respectful! The courtesy of the *Tribune* is like the generosity of Grimenius:

> "Grimenius was a lovely lad;
> He gave away twice what he had;
> The balance then divided he
> Between the old town pump and me."

SENATOR SCHURZ.

THE Fifth Avenue Conference merely showed, what was already evident, that the canvass is to be a combined attempt to beat GRANT, but without any common ground of political principle. None of the gentlemen who spoke, except Mr. WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, of Buffalo, who has very recently changed his views upon the subject, however they might concede that an absurd fate had made Mr. GREELEY the inevitable candidate, spoke of him with respect, or professed to think him a proper or suitable person for the office. The opponents of General GRANT are fond of saying that his supporters secretly despise him. If this be true, the friends of General GRANT are, at least, shrewd enough to conceal their dislike, while the supporters of Mr. GREELEY frankly confess his total unfitness and their utter reluctance, but wofully conclude that they must accept him.

The gentleman in the most unfortunate position, however, is Senator SCHURZ. He was the real author of the Cincinnati movement. He was the president of the Convention, and his speech, as usual, was eloquent and full of high political aspiration. But a cruel fate compelled him to see his colleague in the Senate, General FRANK BLAIR, the Governor of his State, Mr. GRATZ BROWN, and Senator FENTON, with a few other skillful politicians, taking possession of his Convention, and imposing upon it and upon him a candidate who is the peculiar representative of every political principle and policy that Mr. SCHURZ and his friends especially disapprove. Had he protested from the platform, as he might have done, that in the universal tumult it was impossible to determine what the real wish of the Convention was, or, when he saw that the purpose of the movement had been baffled by the nomination, had he immediately declared his refusal to be bound by the decision, upon the ground that such a nomination could not accomplish the ends for which he had taken part in the movement, he might have affected the result. But he lost the golden moment, and after bitterly grieving for seven weeks over the nomination, he comes mournfully to New York and says only, "Too late! too late! GREELEY is a chaos of doubt, but he is preferable to the certainty of GRANT." And so ends Mr. SCHURZ'S dream of a glorious political revival.

He will perhaps now enter upon the active canvass for Mr. GREELEY. But the shadow of his deep disappointment will constantly attend him and paralyze his efforts. He knows—no man better—that while there has been much discontent in the Republican party, it has been because of the supposed influence of a certain class of unscrupulous politicians, and that it is not a discontent which will follow him out of the party to seek a remedy from worse specimens of the same class, who are the vociferous managers of Mr. GREELEY, and whom Mr. BOWLES says that Mr. GREELEY prefers to honest friends. Senator SCHURZ will perhaps denounce what he will call the corruption and low tone of the present Administration. He will do this possibly in the State of New York. Does he suppose that to the intelligent mind of this State the names of Senator FENTON, of Mr. JOHN COCHRANE, of Mr. WALDO HUTCHINS, of Mr. IRA O. MILLER, which are all well known, are earnests of a higher and purer political tone? Assuming that the gentlemen whom we name are quite the peers of certain GRANT men who might be named, will Mr. SCHURZ tell us what is to be gained merely by changing hands? Assuming that Senator CONKLING controls the national "patronage" in this State now, will Mr. SCHURZ show us what moral revolution there is, or what increase of political purity or elevation of tone, in giving it to Senator FENTON? He will remember that Senator FENTON is not a political stranger to New Yorkers.

Moreover, Mr. SCHURZ ought to understand that those supporters of the President who know, as we know, the honesty of the Senator's purpose, know also, as we do, that he is not a representative of the GREELEY Republicans. We appeal confidently to the experience of other Republicans, as we state our own, in saying that such of our late political friends as incline to the GREELEY movement are almost—not always, but almost—without exception moved by some personal or utterly visionary consideration. It is *not*, what it is claimed to be, a movement for purity and harmony. These may be the real hopes of a very few, but they are the masks of the purposes of the leaders. The real spring is personal. It is baffled influence and fruitless desire of office counting upon Republican dissatisfaction and Democratic demoralization to play a bold confidence game and win the Presidency. Senator SCHURZ can see it if he will. He early saw the dissatisfaction and demoralization. He believed that a new party was practicable. He inaugurated a movement toward it by his Chicago speech last summer. But wilier and unscrupulous politicians saw exactly what he did. They joined his movement, captured it, controlled it, turned it to their own purpose; and CARL SCHURZ now marches in their train, supporting a candidate whom he does not profess to approve, declaring that GRANT and "his surroundings" are the depth of infamy, but GREELEY and his surroundings the hope of the republic. It is the most mournful spectacle in our politics to-day.

Possibly Mr. SCHURZ believes that the election of Mr. GREELEY would dissolve existing parties and ameliorate party tyranny in Congress. But, however he may wish it otherwise, both parties stand fully organized, and Mr. GREELEY, elected by Democratic votes and Democratic machinery, will be virtually a Democratic President, or if not, then a fly upon the wheel. An organized party which elects its candidate, and with him a Congress, controls the Administration. So Mr. SCHURZ'S movement would end

not in a new party of homogeneous principles, and composed of the best men of the present parties, but in a mass of unequal parts, from which the best men of both parties would hold aloof. It would not dissolve parties, but merely leave the old Democratic party masters of the field. It may be, as he says, the only means by which General GRANT can be defeated. But neither Senator SCHURZ nor all the other GREELEY orators will be able to show the country that, under such circumstances and by such means, the defeat of GRANT is more to be desired than the election of GREELEY is to be feared.

INNOCENCE MALIGNED.

A GREELEY correspondent says of the Maryland Democratic view of the coalition with Cincinnati:

"The Democratic leaders do not speak of joining hands with it as a matter of policy to get in power, and as if such a course was a last resort to save their party from defeat; on the contrary, they talk with obvious earnestness and patriotic zeal of the glorious opportunity that is offered to bring about a genuine reunion between the North and the South on the basis of peace and good-will."

Certainly. Every body knows that that is all the Maryland Democratic leaders desire. They are patriots. Marshal KANE was one of them. They have always proved their patriotism. They did so in Pratt Street, Baltimore, on the 19th of April, 1861. They don't want offices, plunder, power. Perish the thought! They merely wish to rescue the government from the hands of those who, from the gorilla LINCOLN to the butcher GRANT, have been trampling upon liberty, law, and the Union.

We hope that nobody is so unmannerly as to disbelieve the "Democratic leaders" who are so obviously earnest and patriotically zealous; they have always been so, and the country has always trusted them. Why should any body suppose them to be otherwise now? Is there any thing in the history or composition or situation of the Democratic party, we should like to know, which justifies the suspicion that its leaders would support "honest old HORACE GREELEY" as a matter of policy to get into power, or as a last resort to save their party from defeat? The mere supposition is a fresh massacre of the innocents.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

THE vexed question of the relations of English authors and American publishers comes up again in a letter from Mr. E. H. PALMER, author of "The Desert of the Exodus," to the London *Athenæum*. Mr. PALMER asserts that Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have published an "imperfect" and "mutilated" edition of his work, without his consent, and to the injury of his purse and reputation. The fact, however, is that their edition is an exact reprint of the English work, without the omission or alteration of a single word, and with all the plates and maps of the original. It is, therefore, difficult to see how Mr. PALMER's reputation can have suffered, if the original work was a credit to him; and if he has suffered in purse, it must be through the neglect of his London publishers to make the usual arrangements for an American reprint.

It is the custom for English publishers and authors to secure the American market by the sale of early sheets to New York, Boston, or Philadelphia publishers. Such arrangements are generally respected by the trade, and the author's interests are thus as well protected as if the bargain had the sanction of international law. Such authors as CHARLES READE, WILKIE COLLINS, ROBERT BROWNING, F. W. ROBINSON, B. L. FARJEON, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, and others, whose works sell as extensively in this country as in their own, have the good sense to acknowledge the situation and to make the most of it. The arrangements which they make for American reprints of their works are satisfactory and remunerative to themselves, and not one of them has had reason to complain of the treatment he has received from American publishers.

Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON, formerly editor of the *Athenæum*, in a letter published some time since in the London *Echo*, sets forth the question in its true light. He says:

"An English author has no right on the American soil, no standing in American courts, except so far as they are given to him by the American law. By virtue of his birth he has a claim to be protected in his various rights by both the written and unwritten law so far as Queen VICTORIA's sceptre reaches, not one league beyond. Whatever privilege he may obtain beyond her frontier is of grace and not of right.... No legal wrong can be inflicted on me where I have no legal right; and it is only wasting words to call down fire from heaven on 'thieves' and 'pirates' who lay hands on property in which I have no shred of legal right."

Mr. DIXON goes on to say, with reference to American publishers, that from "a sense of natural fairness" they "act as though they were restrained by law. This generosity is seen on every side. No law compels my publishers, the Messrs. HARPER, of New York, to pay me for the reprint of my books; yet they have treated me not only very honorably, but very liberally. It is their voluntary act......A firm in Boston wished to reprint one of my books, but before they named their terms they wished to have some guarantee against their rivals in New York. I called on my old friend Mr. SAMPSON LOW (their London agent) to complain against the 'pirates.' I received some light. I found that the 'great reprinters' were, in truth, the true friends of English authors; and I sold my book to them for what I held to be a fair, and even handsome, sum. With rare exceptions this has been the case in all my practical dealings with American publishers."

Mr. DIXON's experience is that of all English authors who have had the good sense to acknowledge the justice of the position taken by American publishers, that the people of this country should not be required to pay high prices for books manufactured abroad, when they can be supplied with American reprints at less than half the cost of the original editions. Those who attempt, as Mr. PALMER did, to make American readers pay six dollars for a work of which a handsome reprint can be sold for three, and with a fair remuneration to the author, should accept without grumbling the consequence of their own action.

HOW TO AVERT A "NATIONAL DISASTER."

A GREELEY organ declares that a majority of those connected with the "reform" movement—by which it means the Democratic effort to recover power—believe that the election of General GRANT would be "a national disaster," and that "the only possible way of preventing" it is the election of Mr. GREELEY. Exactly. The same "reformers" told us the same thing in regard to Mr. LINCOLN and General M'CLELLAN in 1864, and General GRANT and Mr. SEYMOUR in 1868. It is precisely as true now as it was then. Mr. GREELEY himself, however, said in 1871 that General GRANT would be a better President in his second term than in his first; and Mr. GREELEY himself said at the end of twelve months of General GRANT's administration that its success had been due to the carrying out of a few simple "principles of honesty and economy." "And having aided," he said, "in the election of GRANT, it gives us pride and joy to be able at the close of the first year of his administration to point the country to the results that have already been achieved."

As a matter of fact, the general character of the administration in the first year does not differ from that of the second and third. And we venture to doubt whether another term of it would seem such "a disaster" to Mr. GREELEY's friends, if it did not involve the defeat of the Democratic party and Mr. GREELEY.

THE HUMOR OF THE CANVASS.

SOME of the supporters of our honest old uncle are afraid that the humor of the canvass is not so apparent to his opponents as it was at the time of the nomination. But if any man familiar with the political history of this country fails to see the joke of gravely nominating HORACE GREELEY as the regular Democratic candidate, it is because his sense of humor is extinct. Considering also the utter hopelessness of the effort, the attempts of Mr. GREELEY's paper to commend Mr. GREELEY to the Democrats, by insisting that he is by no means so much a friend of the colored race as Mr. VOORHEES has represented, is exquisitely ludicrous. Again, that FERNANDO WOOD, and RAPHAEL SEMMES, and BEAUREGARD, and BRAXTON BRAGG, and THOMAS J. CREAMER, and PETER B. SWEENY's Mr. BRADLEY, and OAKEY HALL, and KINSELLA, and JOHN MORRISSEY, and Senator FENTON, and ALEXANDER M'CLURE, and JOHN WENTWORTH and Co. should figure together as apostles of purity of government and leaders of a great moral revolution in American politics—that Mr. HORACE WHITE should shout lustily for "Old Protection," and that the Springfield *Republican* should seriously support Mr. GREELEY after Mr. SAMUEL BOWLES's letter of the 4th of May from Cincinnati—are facts of the utmost humor, which, we assure those who think that the country is getting dulled to them, the country constantly contemplates with a smile more perceptive than flattering.

These things are none the less funny because Mr. GREELEY as the Democratic candidate may make a vigorous canvass. He would be none the less absurdly unfit for the Presidency if he should be elected. If Mr. BOWLES be correct, and Mr. GREELEY be a man of "perversity of temper," would his election remedy the defect? If, as the same judicious supporter of Mr. GREELEY observes, the sage give his faith to "those who fawn upon him and who use him, and slander and abuse those braver and truer friends who dare to expose them to him...... and tell him the truth even if he does not like it," would his election change him? There is no man in the country of unsounder judgment or fonder of flattery, no man whose presence in the White House would be such a permanent disturbance of the national mind as his; and would all this be any the less true if he should be elected?

The truth is that the fun and the facts of his candidacy are entirely unaffected by the chances of his election. If, however, he should be elected, we agree that it would be no laughing matter. A President elected by the combined vote of those whom he himself describes as the dangerous, ignorant, disaffected, disorderly, and disorganizing classes in the country would, indeed, be no joke. When it had reached that point, we confess that even the humor of calling such a performance a "reform" would have disappeared. But until there is some prospect of such a result, we trust that the natural feeling of amusement with which the Cincinnati nomination is regarded may be allowed free indulgence.

CHIPS FROM CHAPPAQUA;
OR, A POSY FOR THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

"EVERY one who chooses to live by pugilism or gambling or harlotry, with nearly every keeper of a tippling-house, is politically a Democrat."—HORACE GREELEY.

"If there were not a newspaper nor a common school in the country, the Democratic party would be far stronger than it is."—HORACE GREELEY.

"The essential articles of the Democratic creed [are] 'love rum and hate niggers.' The less one learns and knows, the more certain he is to vote the regular ticket from A to Izzard."—HORACE GREELEY.

"We thereupon asked our contemporary to state frankly whether the pugilists, blacklegs, thieves, burglars, keepers of dens of prostitution, etc., etc......were not almost unanimously Democrats."—HORACE GREELEY.

"To smoke is a Democratic virtue; to chew is that virtue intensified; to drink rum is that virtue in the superlative."—HORACE GREELEY.

"A purely selfish interest attaches the lewd, ruffianly, criminal, and dangerous classes to the Democratic party."—HORACE GREELEY.

"This would amount to six in a bed, exclusive of any other vermin, for every Democratic couch in the State of New York, including those at Sing Sing and Auburn."—HORACE GREELEY.

"The brain, the heart, the soul of the present Democratic party is the rebel element at the South, with its Northern allies and sympathizers. It is rebel at the core today......It would come into power with the hate, the chagrin, the wrath, the mortification of ten bitter years to impel and guide its steps......Whatever chastisement may be deserved by our national sins, we must hope that this disgrace and humiliation will be spared us."—HORACE GREELEY.

PERSONAL.

ANOTHER revolution, possibly, is about to occur in guns. Captain I. V. MEIGS has given practical evidence of the power of a weapon invented by him, in presence of prominent army and navy officials at Washington, which may result in throwing aside all our present small shooting instruments. It is a fifty-shot magazine musket. It was fired at short range, from the shoulder, and the magazine was emptied in about twenty seconds, every shot striking within a space no larger than a man. The military and naval men say it is the most formidable weapon they have ever seen. Generals LOGAN, BLAIR, SLOCUM, AMES, COBURN, and others are enthusiastic in its praise.

—Mr. EDWARD J. LOWBER, of Brooklyn, formerly president of the Corn Exchange Insurance Company, of this city, and one of the Water Commissioners of Brooklyn, has been appointed by Governor HOFFMAN as one of the commissioners to represent this State at the International Prison Congress, which meets in London in July.

—Mr. APPLETON, an American gentleman long resident in Switzerland, was recently appointed Professor of French Law in the University of Berne.

—General SICKLES was very handsomely rewarded for his services in engineering the late Erie directors from their places, the M'HENRY party, who employed him, having presented him with $100,000.

—Lord LYTTON was quite unhappy lately at the death of his only grandson and prospective heir to the title, but within a few weeks his daughter-in-law has presented her husband with a son and heir, whereat there is great rejoicing. Lord LYTTON is said to be an admirable man of business, and has largely increased the value of his property by good management. His son, "Owen Meredith," possesses much of the father's talent, and is a very worthy gentleman.

—The death of the Duke of Bedford, at the age of sixty-four, excites much comment in England. He was one of the richest, as he was one of the most useless and pernicious, of the British nobility. He never went inside the House of Peers, never appeared in high society, lived in the greatest plainness and simplicity, and spent not a hundredth part of his income. He never married. On the contrary, his social life was not of the highest moral grade. His possessions were mostly in London. Besides metropolitan properties he was lord of thousands of acres in the counties of Middlesex, Bedford, and Devon, and had in his virtual control the choice of eight or ten members of Parliament. As a power in the Church he was of great importance. He owned the right of presentation of rectors to thirty parishes. The death of an utterly insignificant man, as far as personal character goes, is thus an object of deep individual interest to tens of thousands, and many a man nay, by the mere accident of birth, have the absolute domestic happiness of these tens of thousands in the palm of his hand. Happily for those who live on the Bedford estates, the new duke is an able and public-spirited man, who takes an active and intelligent part in the national legislation, and may be looked on as a good representative type of the better class of the aristocracy.

—General SHERMAN does not gush about tombs. When he was in Alexandria a newspaper man asked, "How are you impressed with the antiquities and tombs of Egypt, general?" General SHERMAN replied, "Never did care much about tombs. Intend to keep out of my own as long as I can, and do not want to get into other people's."

—HENRY FISH is the prohibition candidate for Governor of Michigan. It is to be hoped he will not get out of water.

—A Mr. JOHN L. BROWER has recovered a verdict of $5600 against the city, and as the Controller declined to pay, Mr. B. determined to wreak his vengeance on the municipality by levying upon the lot of old portraits suspended on the walls of the Governor's Room in the City Hall. The same thing has been twice done before by mad creditors. There are in the Governor's Room perhaps half a dozen good portraits. The balance would scarcely be deemed good security by your "uncle" for a loan of $35.

—The British band, by a provision of the military law, must be accompanied by a commissioned officer when over twenty men go out of the country. The band are regularly enlisted men, but have many privileges, and are not obliged to live in barracks. While here they are in charge of Lieutenant-Colonel FLUYDER. GODFREY, the leader, makes $7000 a year out of it. Colonel FLUYDER says his instructions from the government are such that the band can not play any where but in Boston, and that if a reception were offered them, it could not be accepted without authority from the British minister or orders from home. We reckon, however, that Sir EDWARD THORNTON will let them play in New York "just once," if not twice.

—Now that Mr. ADAMS and Mr. EVARTS and Mr. CUSHING and Mr. WAITE are endeavoring to bring about a peaceful solution of our difficulties with England, it may not be malapropos to reproduce a little anecdote of POPE, an English tragedian, who flourished a hundred years ago. He was fond of good living, and used to say that he knew of but one crime that man could commit, and that was peppering a rump steak. On INCLEDON's return from America POPE asked him how they "fed" there. "Immortally," replied INCLEDON. "The very poetry of eating and drinking, my dear POPE, in all things but one—they use no oil with their salads." "No oil to their salads!" cried the tragedian, recoiling: "*why did we make peace with them!*"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE monster Boston Jubilee was opened on Bunker Hill Day—June 17. It is the largest musical festival ever held in this country, numbering 20,000 chorus singers and 2000 instrumentalists.

The bill giving the Controller of New York power to direct how the accounts in the different departments shall be kept, and to sell all city bonds, has been signed by Governor Hoffman.

The Maine Democratic State Convention met at Bangor June 18, and nominated Charles P. Kimball for Governor.

The New York State Senate held an extra session, commencing June 18, to try the cases of Judges Prindle and M'Cunn for misconduct in office.

Official reports from Texas *via* St. Louis indicate that several thousand Indians are overrunning various parts of the State, filling the settlers with alarm.

The trial of Edward S. Stokes for the murder of James Fisk, Jun., was begun in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before Judge Ingraham, June 19.

The Eight-hour League, meeting at Teutonia Hall, June 20, denounced the police, and threatened New York with famine, stoppage of supplies, and a bloodier battle than that of the Revolution, if employers continue to resist the claims of working-men.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Board of Arbitration of the *Alabama* claims met at Geneva, Switzerland, June 15, all the members being present, as follows: Count Sclopis, representing the King of Italy, president of the court; Hon. Charles Francis Adams, arbitrator on the part of the United States; Right Hon. Sir Alexander Cockburn, representing the government of Great Britain; Mr. Jacob Staempfli, representing the Swiss government; and Baron d'Itajuba, representative of the Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil. Summaries of the proofs and arguments in support of the cases of England and the United States were transmitted to the arbitrators by the representative agents of the two countries, Lord Tenterden and J. C. B. Davis. The court then adjourned till June 17, and from that to June 20, and on the latter date six days longer.

The bill proscribing the Jesuits passed its third reading in the German Reichstag by a vote of 181 to 93, June 19.

The miners' strike in Westphalia is spreading. The workmen of forty-two mines in the neighborhood of Essen and Bockheim have quit work and joined the movement.

Dispatches from Asia note the rebuilding of Yedo, the approaching marriage of the Emperor of China, and the intended return to America of Governor Ito, of the Japanese embassy, with greater delegated powers from the Mikado.

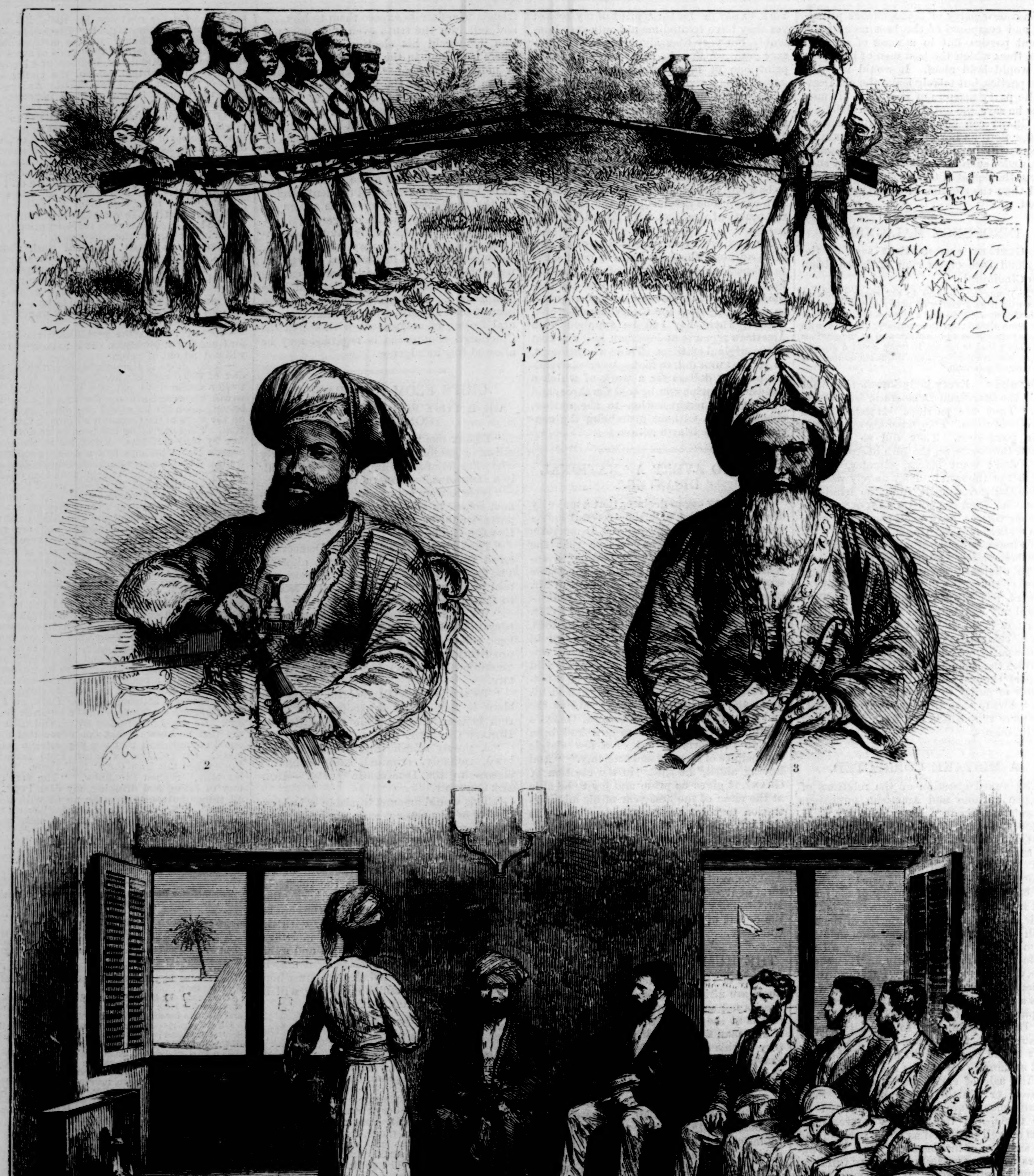
A terrible earthquake occurred at Hamida, a seaport in the Japanese island of Sikokf, last month, by which 500 human beings lost their lives.

The Rev. Norman M'Leod, the well-known author, died recently, aged sixty years.

The London and Atalanta boat crews have received a challenge from a leading Paris club.

The Haytiens having refused to pay the indemnity due to German merchants, a German fleet has bombarded the town of Port-au-Prince, and succeeded in getting $15,000 from the government on account of the claims.

Phœbe Campbell was hanged at Toronto, June 20, for the murder of her husband. She confessed her guilt, and implicated a man named Coyle, who lies in prison awaiting trial.



1. DRILLING NASIK BOYS AT ZANZIBAR. 2. SAYID BERGASH, SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR. 3. SAYID SULIMAN, GRAND VIZIER.
4. PRIVATE RECEPTION OF THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION AT THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

THE ENGLISH LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION.

THE SEARCH FOR LIVINGSTONE.

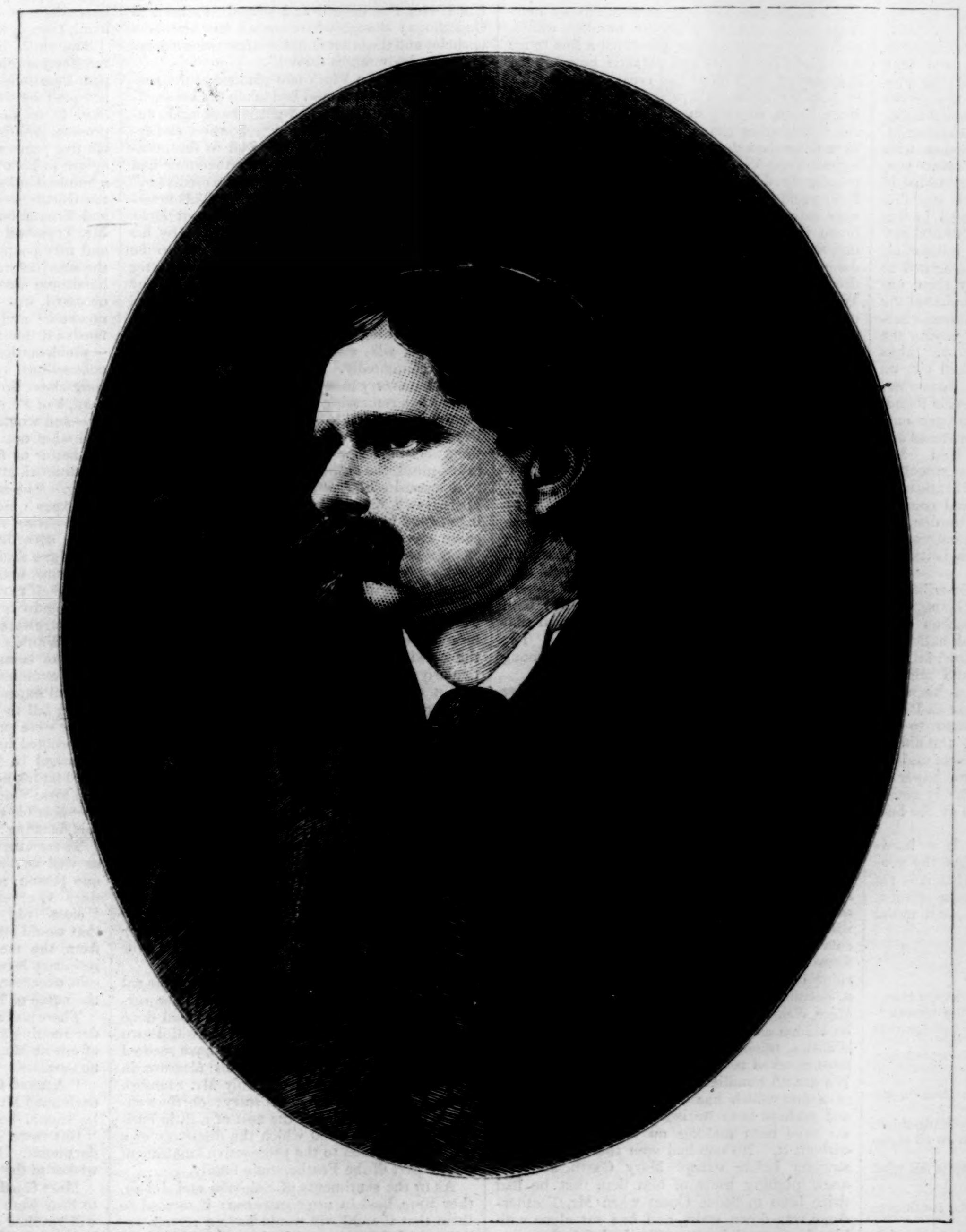
We shall doubtless soon have full accounts from Mr. Stanley, commander of the *Herald's* expeditionary corps, of the successful termination of his daring mission, and of his interview with the heroic and undaunted explorer. Meanwhile our readers will be interested in knowing what the British government is doing to open up communication with him.

The Livingstone Search Expedition, as it is called, was organized last winter, and embarked for its destination on the 9th of February. Letters were received from Lieutenant Dawson, the commander, dated Zanzibar, April 19, stating that the expedition had arrived there in safety, but the severity of the rainy season would probably prevent their starting for the interior before the end of May. His Highness Sayid Bergash, Sultan of Zanzibar, on hearing of the arrival of the expedition, at once invited its members to a private reception and durbar held at his palace. The presentation of the valuable gift of the Royal Geographical Society to his Highness is shown in the engraving. It consists of a silver salver and coffee-pot in a polished oak case, lined with red velvet, and bears a suitable inscription. The Sultan seemed much pleased, expressed the interest he felt in Dr. Livingstone, said he would do all he could to help them, and placed his steam-yacht, *Darra Salam*, at the disposal of the party. Sayid Suliman, the Grand Vizier, has also been of material assistance to the expedition. Six Nasik boys, originally slaves, released by her Majesty's cruisers, and educated by the Mombas Mission at their school near Bombay, having volunteered their services, were sent by sailing vessel to Zanzibar in February last. The illustration represents them undergoing a course of drill in the use of fire-arms. Their average age is about twenty; they are all hardy, willing young fellows, apt pupils, and a credit to the mission which has rescued them from their dark and ignorant state, educated them, and converted them to Christianity. Being natives of the part of Africa shortly to be passed through by the expedition, they will doubtless be of the greatest assistance, having been taught trades, as well as to read and write English. The Rev. Charles New, who lately ascended the equatorial snow-clad mountain, Kiliman-djaro, has joined the expedition as interpreter with some natives of Mombas, who formerly accompanied him, as part of the armed escort. While waiting for the rains to subside, the European members of the expedition were occupied in organizing the native party, packing goods, rating chronometers, etc. Bagamoyo, on the coast abreast of Zanzibar, was to be the starting-point for the interior.

HENRY WATTERSON.

In the bucolic days of American politics, when every party leader was a knight-errant and every editor a squire, and when, next to being a good writer or speaker, it was an advantage to be a good shot, the Louisville *Journal* was the most brilliant and powerful newspaper in the country. It owed its influence in part to its position as the immediate organ of Mr. Clay, the acknowledged head of one of the two contending parties of the time; but the fame of its peculiar wit, force, and tact belonged to Mr. Prentice. During the Presidential canvass of 1828 this really extraordinary man went from Connecticut to Kentucky to write the life of Mr. Clay, who was General Jackson's competitor. He remained there after his work was finished, and established himself in Louisville, where he started the *Journal;* and though poor and friendless, he soon made himself both admired and feared. In a memorial address delivered before the Kentucky Legislature, Mr. Watterson said of him, "A rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed Yankee boy, severely trained in the New England school of culture and social ethics, a wit and a poet, Prentice threw himself into the barbarous frontier partisanism of the period with the abandon of a native, and soon signalized his high-backed and stiff-necked alma mater, and at the same time dazzled and startled the rude yeomanry of the Southwest, by unequivocal triumphs of pen and pistol; he showed himself able, and, it must be owned, somewhat overwilling, to fetch down his man with words or bullets, and it came to be doubted which were most destructive, for he was a dead-shot as well as a dreadful satirist." Mr. Prentice was certainly the raciest and severest partisan writer who ever appeared in American politics, and for thirty years his fame and power were unsurpassed in American journalism. He died on the 22d of January, 1870, and was buried with imposing honors, the Legislatures of Kentucky and Tennessee uniting in formal and elaborate tributes to his memory, and the press every where doing homage to his great career.

Mr. Henry Watterson, the successor of Prentice, and the editor of the *Courier-Journal,* was born in Washington on the 16th of February, 1840. He is a son of the Hon. Harvey Watterson, of Tennessee, a Democratic writer and speaker, who before he withdrew from public life had distinguished himself in Congress, in the diplomatic service, and in journalism, having been an editor of the Washington *Union* in its palmiest days. Watterson the younger received much of his newspaper and political training under the direction of his father, and being reared for the most part in the national capital, derived great advantages from the close association which he enjoyed with public men and public affairs during the ten years preceding the civil war. Owing to serious defect of sight, which rendered systematic and unassisted study impossible, his education was of the most desultory kind, chiefly intrusted to private tutors, and confined to the lighter accomplishments, although he passed some time under the care of the eminent theologian of Philadelphia, the Rev. George Emlen Hare. He was carefully trained in music and belles-lettres, and having a passion for literary work, plunged into journalism at a very early age. He made a specialty of dramatic criticism, but wrote quantities of stories, verses, and essays for periodicals, making his home in New York. In 1859 he was engaged as a writer on the *States,* the organ of the Young Democracy at Washington, and in 1860, while retaining his place on the *States,* was engaged to edit the *Democratic Review.* At this time he devoted himself with assiduity to the gathering of material for a "History of English Comedy," an idea which he has not yet abandoned. In 1861 the war blew over all the schemes of the hour. The *States* was suppressed by the government, and Mr. Watterson returned to his father's home in Tennessee. Soon after his arrival he was made leading editor of the Nashville *Republican Banner,* the oldest and most influential paper in that part of the country. After the fall of Nashville he did military service as an "amateur casual," finally reappearing in journalism at Chattanooga, as editor of the *Rebel,* which under his management became the most popular and widely circulated newspaper in the South, and celebrated generally for its raciness and independence. At the close of the war he returned to Nashville and resumed his connection with the *Banner,* the publication of which had been recommenced.



HENRY WATTERSON, EDITOR OF THE LOUISVILLE "COURIER-JOURNAL."—[Photographed by Brady.]

THE HARBOR AND TOWN OF ZANZIBAR ON THE MORNING AFTER THE HURRICANE.—[See Page 527.]

In the same year he married Miss Rebecca Ewing, a daughter of the Hon. Andrew Ewing. In 1866 he went abroad, returning in 1867. In 1867 he was invited by the Louisville *Journal* Company to go to Louisville and take charge of that paper. He accepted the proposals that were made him, became the owner of Mr. Prentice's stock in the establishment, and took charge of the paper in the spring of 1868. Six months later, in conjunction with Mr. Walter N. Haldeman, the well-known proprietor of the Louisville *Courier*, he succeeded in bringing about the largest and most startling newspaper combination ever transacted in this or any other country. Mr. Haldeman and Mr. Watterson, at the head of two influential, long-established, and rival presses, agreed to unite them on equal terms. They then, unknown to any one but themselves, purchased the Louisville *Democrat*, a journal of National character of twenty-five years' standing, paying the price asked for it, through a third party. Thus prepared, they issued to the astonished city on the morning of Sunday, the 8th of November, 1868, the *Courier-Journal*, and Louisville found, instead of its three old newspapers, one new one, controlling the Press Association dispatches and commanding the whole journalistic field. Mr. Watterson took the editorial management of this mammoth concern, and Mr. Haldeman, whose great experience, sagacity, and courage fitted him peculiarly for so heavy a burden, undertook its financial and business management. It was a success from the first, and holds its own against all opposition.

Mr. Henry Watterson is thus described by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*: "The man whom the genuine Bourbon hates most of all is a slight, mild-mannered, half-blind blonde, with a light mustache and imperial, and a quick, decisive way of writing and talking, which is impressive or offensive just as his mood is. Mr. Watterson is quite as blind as Prescott, the historian, but he manages to get through a great amount of work, by the aid of an amanuensis. He writes every class of matter, and with equal facility, and sees his paper to press every morning. In society he is genial and accessible, and is said to be one of the best amateur pianists in the country."

In journalism Mr. Watterson is a hard-working enthusiast, who believes that the profession needs elevating, and thinks that it is yet in the infancy of its development as a science, and its power as a political, social, and moral engine.

"OUR" JUBILEE.

Arouse, ye apathetic men in Gotham's mighty town!
Shall little Boston lead the van in Jubilee renown?
No! rather let the heavens fall—as fall perhaps they may—
But let us plan *one* "fearful row" on Independence-day!

Seize all the ocean steamers, and moor them in the slips,
The twenty thousand tug-boats, the navy battle-ships;
Then feed their boilers piping hot, and blow off steam together,
Until that "chorus" Boston hears, despite all wind or weather.

Ten thousand locomotives range for one continuous scream,
The fire-engines ring their bells and burst their throats with steam;
Load twenty thousand cannon with nitro-glycerine,
And kindle all the breakfast-fires with cans of kerosene.

Let loose a "mile" of buffaloes along our proud Broadway;
On fifty thousand dogs tie "tins," and launch 'em in the fray;
Let every woman, man, and child beat on a Chinese gong,
And half a million cats in bags join in the peaceful song.

Together may ten thousand bands play each a different tune,
The railway tunnel under-ground be used as "steam bassoon;"
Then, for a climax, let us pray for Thunder's awful roar—
The Coliseum walls shall fall and bury "Pat Gilmore!"

(Continued from No. 808, page 499.)

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

BOOK IV.

THREE LOVE PROBLEMS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Non, je ne comprends pas de plus charmant plaisir
Que de voir d'héritiers une troupe affligée,
Le maintien interdit, et la mine allongée
Lire un long testament où pales, étonnés,
On leur laisse un bonsoir avec un pied de nez.
Pour voir au naturel leur tristesse profonde,
Je reviendrais, je crois, exprès de l'autre monde."
—Regnard: *Le Légataire Universel.*

When the animals entered the Ark in pairs one may imagine that allied species made much private remark on each other, and were tempted to think that so many forms feeding on the same store of fodder were eminently superfluous, as tending to diminish the rations. (I fear the part played by the vultures on that occasion would be too painful for art to represent, those birds being disadvantageously naked about the gullet, and apparently without rites and ceremonies.)

The same sort of temptation befell the Christian Carnivora who formed Peter Featherstone's funeral procession; most of them having their minds bent on a limited store which each would have liked to get the most of. The long-recognized blood-relations and connections by marriage made already a goodly number, which, multiplied by possibilities, presented a fine range for jealous conjecture and pathetic hopefulness. Jealousy of the Vincys had created a fellowship in hostility among all persons of the Featherstone blood, so that in the absence of any decided indication that one of themselves was to have more than the rest, the dread lest that long-legged Fred Vincy should have the land was necessarily dominant, though it left abundant feeling and leisure for vaguer jealousies, such as were entertained toward Mary Garth. Solomon found time to reflect that Jonah was undeserving, and Jonah to abuse Solomon as greedy; Jane, the elder sister, held that Martha's children ought not to expect so much as the young Waules; and Martha, more lax on the subject of primogeniture, was sorry to think that Jane was so "having." These nearest of kin were naturally impressed with the unreasonableness of expectations in cousins and second cousins, and used their arithmetic in reckoning the large sums that small legacies might mount to if there were too many of them. Two cousins were present to hear the will, and a second cousin besides Mr. Trumbull. This second cousin was a Middlemarch mercer of polite manners and superfluous aspirates. The two cousins were elderly men from Brassing, one of them conscious of claims on the score of inconvenient expense sustained by him in presents of oysters and other eatables to his rich cousin Peter; the other entirely saturnine, leaning his hands and chin on a stick, and conscious of claims based on no narrow performance but on merit generally: both blameless citizens of Brassing, who wished that Jonah Featherstone did not live there. The wit of a family is usually best received among strangers.

"Why, Trumbull himself is pretty sure of five hundred—*that* you may depend. I shouldn't wonder if my brother promised him," said Solomon, musing aloud with his sisters, the evening before the funeral.

"Dear, dear!" said poor sister Martha, whose imagination of hundreds had been habitually narrowed to the amount of her unpaid rent.

But in the morning all the ordinary currents of conjecture were disturbed by the presence of a strange mourner who had plashed among them as if from the moon. This was the stranger described by Mrs. Cadwallader as frog-faced: a man perhaps about two or three and thirty, whose prominent eyes, thin-lipped, downward-curved mouth, and hair sleekly brushed away from a forehead that sank suddenly above the ridge of the eyebrows, certainly gave his face a batrachian unchangeableness of expression. Here, clearly, was a new legatee; else why was he bidden as a mourner? Here were new possibilities, raising a new uncertainty, which almost checked remark in the mourning-coaches. We are all humiliated by the sudden discovery of a fact which has existed very comfortably, and perhaps been staring at us in private while we have been making up our world entirely without it. No one had seen this questionable stranger before except Mary Garth, and she knew nothing more of him than that he had twice been to Stone Court when Mr. Featherstone was down stairs, and had sat alone with him for several hours. She had found an opportunity of mentioning this to her father, and perhaps Caleb's were the only eyes, except the lawyer's, which examined the stranger with more of inquiry than of disgust or suspicion. Caleb Garth, having little expectation and less cupidity, was interested in the verification of his own guesses, and the calmness with which he half-smilingly rubbed his chin and shot intelligent glances, much as if he were valuing a tree, made a fine contrast with the alarm or scorn visible in other faces when the unknown mourner, whose name was understood to be Rigg, entered the wainscoted parlor and took his seat near the door to make part of the audience when the will should be read. Just then Mr. Solomon and Mr. Jonah were gone up stairs with the lawyer to search for the will; and Mrs. Waule, seeing two vacant seats between herself and Mr. Borthrop Trumbull, had the spirit to move next to that great authority, who was handling his watch-seals and trimming his outlines with a determination not to show any thing so compromising to a man of ability as wonder or surprise.

"I suppose you know every thing about what my poor brother's done, Mr. Trumbull," said Mrs. Waule, in the lowest of her woolly tones, while she turned her crape-shadowed bonnet toward Mr. Trumbull's ear.

"My good lady, whatever was told me was told in confidence," said the auctioneer, putting his hand up to screen that secret.

"Them who've made sure of their good luck may be disappointed yet," Mrs. Waule continued, finding some relief in this communication.

"Hopes are often delusive," said Mr. Trumbull, still in confidence.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Waule, looking across at the Vincys, and then moving back to the side of her sister Martha.

"It's wonderful how close poor Peter was," she said, in the same under-tones. "We none of us know what he might have had on his mind. I only hope and trust he wasn't a worse liver than we think of, Martha."

Poor Mrs. Cranch was bulky, and, breathing asthmatically, had the additional motive for making her remarks unexceptionable and giving them a general bearing, that even her whispers were loud and liable to sudden bursts like those of a deranged barrel-organ.

"I never *was* covetous, Jane," she replied; "but I have six children, and have buried three, and I didn't marry into money. The eldest, that sits there, is but nineteen—so I leave you to guess. And stock always short, and land most awkward. But if ever I've begged and prayed, it's been to God above; though where there's one brother a bachelor and the other childless after twice marrying—any body might think!"

Meanwhile Mr. Vincy had glanced at the passive face of Mr. Rigg, and had taken out his snuff-box and tapped it, but had put it back again unopened, as an indulgence which, however clarifying to the judgment, was unsuited to the occasion. "I shouldn't wonder if Featherstone had better feelings than any of us gave him credit for," he observed, in the ear of his wife. "This funeral shows a thought about every body: it looks well when a man wants to be followed by his friends; and if they are humble, not to be ashamed of them. I should be all the better pleased if he'd left lots of small legacies. They may be uncommonly useful to fellows in a small way."

"Every thing is as handsome as could be, crape and silk and every thing," said Mrs. Vincy, contentedly.

But I am sorry to say that Fred was under some difficulty in repressing a laugh, which would have been more unsuitable than his father's snuff-box. Fred had overheard Mr. Jonah suggesting something about a "love-child," and with this thought in his mind, the stranger's face, which happened to be opposite him, affected him too ludicrously. Mary Garth, discerning his distress in the twitchings of his mouth, and his recourse to a cough, came cleverly to his rescue by asking him to change seats with her, so that he got into a shadowy corner. Fred was feeling as good-naturedly as possible toward every body, including Rigg; and having some relenting toward all these people who were less lucky than he was aware of being himself, he would not for the world have behaved amiss; still it was particularly easy to laugh.

But the entrance of the lawyer and the two brothers drew every one's attention.

The lawyer was Mr. Standish, and he had come to Stone Court this morning believing that he knew thoroughly well who would be pleased and who disappointed before the day was over. The will he expected to read was the last of three which he had drawn up for Mr. Featherstone. Mr. Standish was not a man who varied his manners: he behaved with the same deep-voiced, off-hand civility to every body, as if he saw no difference in them, and talked chiefly of the hay crop, which would be "very fine, by God!" of the last bulletins concerning the king, and of the Duke of Clarence, who was a sailor every inch of him, and just the man to rule over an island like Britain.

Old Featherstone had often reflected as he sat looking at the fire that Standish would be surprised some day: it is true that if he had done as he liked at the last, and burned the will drawn up by another lawyer, he would not have secured that minor end; still he had his pleasure in ruminating on it. And certainly Mr. Standish was surprised, but not at all sorry; on the contrary, he rather enjoyed the zest of a little curiosity in his own mind which the discovery of a second will added to the prospective amazement on the part of the Featherstone family.

As to the sentiments of Solomon and Jonah, they were held in utter suspense: it seemed to them that the old will would have a certain validity, and that there might be such an interlacement of poor Peter's former and latter intentions as to create endless "lawing" before any body came by their own—an inconvenience which would have at least the advantage of going all round. Hence the brothers showed a thoroughly neutral gravity as they re-entered with Mr. Standish; but Solomon took out his white handkerchief again with a sense that in any case there would be affecting passages, and crying at funerals, however dry, was customarily served up in lawn.

Perhaps the person who felt the most throbbing excitement at this moment was Mary Garth, in the consciousness that it was she who had virtually determined the production of this second will, which might have momentous effects on the lot of some persons present. No soul except herself knew what had passed on that final night.

"The will I hold in my hand," said Mr. Standish, who, seated at the table in the middle of the room, took his time about every thing, including the coughs with which he showed a disposition to clear his voice, "was drawn up by myself and executed by our deceased friend on the 9th of August, 1825. But I find that there is a subsequent instrument, hitherto unknown to me, bearing date the 20th of July, 1826, hardly a year later than the previous one. And there is further, I see"—Mr. Standish was cautiously traveling over the document with his spectacles—"a codicil to this latter will, bearing date March the 1st, 1828."

"Dear, dear!" said sister Martha, not meaning to be audible, but driven to some articulation under this pressure of dates.

"I shall begin by reading the earlier will," continued Mr. Standish, "since such, as appears by his not having destroyed the document, was the intention of the deceased."

The preamble was felt to be rather long, and several besides Solomon shook their heads pathetically, looking on the ground: all eyes avoided meeting other eyes, and were chiefly fixed either on the spots in the table-cloth or on Mr. Standish's bald head, excepting Mary Garth's. When all the rest were trying to look nowhere in particular, it was safe for her to look at them. And at the sound of the first "give and bequeath" she could see all complexions changing subtly, as if some faint vibration were passing through them, save that of Mr. Rigg. He sat in unaltered calm, and, in fact, the company, preoccupied with more important problems, and with the complication of listening to bequests which might or might not be revoked, had ceased to think of him. Fred blushed, and Mr. Vincy found it impossible to do without his snuff-box in his hand, though he kept it closed.

The small bequests came first, and even the recollection that there was another will, and that poor Peter might have thought better of it, could not quell the rising disgust and indignation. One likes to be done well by in every tense, past, present, and future. And here was Peter capable five years ago of leaving only two hundred apiece to his own brothers and sisters, and only a hundred apiece to his own nephews and nieces: the Garths were not mentioned, but Mrs. Vincy and Rosamond were each to have a hundred. Mr. Trumbull was to have the gold-headed cane and fifty pounds; the other second cousins and the cousins present were each to have the like handsome sum, which, as the saturnine cousin observed, was a sort of legacy that left a man nowhere; and there was much more of such offensive dribbling in favor of persons not present—problematical, and, it was to be feared, low connections. Altogether, reckoning hastily, here were about three thousand disposed of. Where, then, had Peter meant the rest of the money to go—and where the land? and what was revoked and what not revoked—and was the revocation for better or for worse? All emotion must be conditional, and might turn out to be the wrong thing. The men were strong enough to bear up and keep quiet under this confused suspense; some letting their lower lip fall, others pursing it up, according to the habit of their muscles. But Jane and Martha sank under the rush of questions, and began to cry; poor Mrs. Cranch being half moved with the consolation of getting any hundreds at all without working for them, and half aware that her share was scanty; whereas Mrs. Waule's mind was entirely flooded with the sense of being an own sister and getting little, while somebody else was to have much. The general expectation now was that the "much" would fall to Fred Vincy, but the Vincys themselves were surprised when ten thousand pounds in specified investments were declared to be bequeathed to him: was the land coming too? Fred bit his lips; it was difficult to help smiling; and Mrs. Vincy felt herself the happiest of women—possible revocation shrinking out of sight in this dazzling vision.

There was still a residue of personal property as well as the land, but the whole was left to one person, and that person was—O possibilities! O expectations founded on the favor of "close" old gentlemen! O endless vocatives that would still leave expression slipping helpless from the measurement of mortal folly!—that residuary legatee was Joshua Rigg, who was also sole executor, and who was to take thenceforth the name of Featherstone.

There was a rustling which seemed like a shudder running around the room. Every one stared afresh at Mr. Rigg, who apparently experienced no surprise.

"A most singular testamentary disposition!" exclaimed Mr. Trumbull, preferring for once that he should be considered ignorant in the past. "But there is a second will—there is a further document. We have not yet heard the final wishes of the deceased."

Mary Garth was feeling that what they had yet to hear were not the final wishes. The second will revoked every thing except the legacies to the low persons before mentioned (some alterations in these being the occasion of the codicil), and the bequest of all the land lying in Lowick parish, with all the stock and household furniture, to Joshua Rigg. The residue of the property was to be devoted to the erection and endowment of almshouses for old men, to be called Featherstone's Almshouses, and to be built on a piece of land near Middlemarch already bought for the purpose by the testator, he wishing—so the document declared—to please God Almighty. Nobody present had a farthing; but Mr. Trumbull had the gold-headed cane. It took some time for the company to recover the power of expression. Mary dared not look at Fred.

Mr. Vincy was the first to speak—after using his snuff-box energetically—and he spoke with loud indignation. "The most unaccountable will I ever heard! I should say he was not in his right mind when he made it. I should say this last will was void," added Mr. Vincy, feeling that this expression put the thing in the true light. "Eh, Standish?"

"Our deceased friend always knew what he was about, I think," said Mr. Standish. "Every thing is quite regular. Here is a letter from Clemmens of Brassing tied with the will. He drew it up. A very respectable solicitor."

"I never noticed any alienation of mind, any aberration of intellect, in the late Mr. Featherstone," said Borthrop Trumbull, "but I call this will eccentric. I was always willingly of service to the old soul; and he intimated pretty plainly a sense of obligation which would show itself in his will. The gold-headed cane is farcical considered as an acknowledgment to me; but happily I am above mercenary considerations."

"There's nothing very surprising in the matter that I can see," said Caleb Garth. "Any body might have had more reason for wondering if the will had been what you might expect from an open-minded, straightforward man. For my part, I wish there was no such thing as a will."

"That's a strange sentiment to come from a Christian man, by God!" said the lawyer. "I should like to know how you will back that up, Garth!"

"Oh," said Caleb, leaning forward, adjusting his finger-tips with nicety, and looking meditatively on the ground. "It always seemed to him that words were the hardest part of "business."

But here Mr. Jonah Featherstone made himself heard. "Well, he always was a fine hypocrite, was my brother Peter. But this will cuts out every thing. If I'd known, a wagon and six horses shouldn't have drawn me from Bras-

sing. I'll put a white hat and a drab coat on to-morrow."

"Dear, dear," wept Mrs. Cranch, "and we've been at the expense of traveling, and that poor lad sitting idle here so long! It's the first time I ever heard my brother Peter was so wishful to please God Almighty; but if I was to be struck helpless, I must say it's hard—I can think no other."

"It'll do him no good where he's gone, that's my belief," said Solomon, with a bitterness which was remarkably genuine, though his tone could not help being sly. "Peter was a bad liver, and almshouses won't cover it, when he's had the impudence to show it at the last."

"And all the while had got his own lawful family—brothers and sisters and nephews and nieces—and has sat in church with 'em whenever he thought well to come," said Mrs. Waule. "And might have left his property so respectable, to them that's never been used to extravagance or unsteadiness in no manner of way—and not so poor but what they could have saved every penny and made more of it. And me—the trouble I've been at, times and times, to come here and be sisterly—and him with things on his mind all the while that might make any body's flesh creep. But if the Almighty's allowed it, He means to punish him for it. Brother Solomon, I shall be going, if you'll drive me."

"I've no desire to put my foot on the premises again," said Solomon. "I've got land of my own and property of my own to will away."

"It's a poor tale how luck goes in the world," said Jonah. "It never answers to have a bit of spirit in you. You'd better be a dog in the manger. But those above-ground might learn a lesson. One fool's will is enough in a family."

"There's more ways than one of being a fool," said Solomon. "I sha'n't leave my money to be poured down the sink, and I sha'n't leave it to foundlings from Africay. I like Featherstones that were brewed such, and not turned Featherstones with sticking the name on 'em."

Solomon addressed these remarks in a loud aside to Mrs. Waule as he arose to accompany her. Brother Jonah felt himself capable of much more stinging wit than this, but he reflected that there was no use in offending the new proprietor of Stone Court, until you were certain that he was quite without intentions of hospitality toward witty men whose name he was about to bear.

Mr. Joshua Rigg, in fact, appeared to trouble himself little about any innuendoes, but showed a notable change of manner, walking coolly up to Mr. Standish and putting business questions with much coolness. He had a high chirping voice and a vile accent. Fred, whom he no longer moved to laughter, thought him the lowest monster he had ever seen. But Fred was feeling rather sick. The Middlemarch mercer waited for an opportunity of engaging Mr. Rigg in conversation: there was no knowing how many pairs of legs the new proprietor might require hose for, and profits were more to be relied on than legacies. Also, the mercer, as a second cousin, was dispassionate enough to feel curiosity.

Mr. Vincy, after his own outburst, had remained proudly silent, though too much preoccupied with unpleasant feelings to think of moving, till he observed that his wife had gone to Fred's side and was crying silently while she held her darling's hand. He rose immediately, and, turning his back on the company while he said to her, in an under-tone, "Don't give way, Lucy; don't make a fool of yourself, my dear, before these people," he added, in his usual loud voice, "Go and order the phaeton, Fred; I have no time to waste."

Mary Garth had before this been getting ready to go home with her father. She met Fred in the hall, and now for the first time had the courage to look at him. He had that withered sort of paleness which will sometimes come on young faces, and his hand was very cold when she shook it. Mary, too, was agitated: she was conscious that fatally, without will of her own, she had made a great difference to Fred's lot.

"Good-by," she said, with affectionate sadness. "Be brave, Fred. I do believe you are better without the money. What was the good of it to Mr. Featherstone?"

"That's all very fine," said Fred, pettishly. "What's a fellow to do? *I must* go into the Church now." (He knew that this would vex Mary: very well; then she must tell him what else he could do.) "And I thought I should be able to pay your father at once, and make every thing right. And you have not even a hundred pounds left you. What shall you do now, Mary?"

"Take another situation, of course, as soon as I can get one. My father has enough to do to keep the rest, without me. Good-by."

In a very short time Stone Court was cleared of well-brewed Featherstones and other long-accustomed visitors. Another stranger had been brought to settle in the neighborhood of Middlemarch; but in the case of Mr. Rigg Featherstone there was more discontent with immediate visible consequences than speculation as to the effect which his presence might have in the future. No soul was prophetic enough to have any foreboding as to what might appear on the trail of Joshua Rigg.

And here I am naturally led to reflect on the means of elevating a low subject. Historical parallels are remarkably efficient in this way. The chief objection to them is that the diligent narrator may lack space, or (what is often the same thing) may not be able to think of them with any degree of particularity, though he may have a philosophical confidence that if known they would be illustrative. It seems an easier and shorter way to dignity to observe that—since there never was a true story which could not be told in parables where you might put a monkey for a margrave, and *vice versa*—whatever has been or is to be narrated by me about low people may be ennobled by being considered a parable; so that if any bad habits and ugly consequences are brought into view, the reader may have the relief of regarding them as not more than figuratively ungenteel, and may feel himself virtually in company with persons of some style. Thus while I tell the truth about loobies, my reader's imagination need not be entirely excluded from an occupation with lords; and the petty sums which any bankrupt of high standing would be sorry to retire upon may be lifted to the level of high commercial transactions by the inexpensive addition of proportional ciphers.

As to any provincial history in which the agents are all of high moral rank, that must be of a date long posterior to the first Reform Bill, and Peter Featherstone, you perceive, was dead and buried some months before Lord Grey came into office.

THE HURRICANE AT ZANZIBAR.

ON page 525 we give a picture showing the effects of the terrible hurricane which swept over Zanzibar on the 15th of April. It lasted twenty-four hours, and wrecked every vessel in harbor except the *Abydos*, which saved herself by steaming full speed with two anchors ahead. The Sultan lost four steamers, two sailing frigates, and numerous dhows. A hundred and fifty of the latter either foundered at their anchors or were driven ashore, with their cargoes, and utterly lost. A famine will probably be the result, and trade will be brought to a stand-still for some time. By the last advices the harbor was a mass of wreck. The wind blew strongest from north-west, the barometer fell an inch, houses were blown down and unroofed, the cocoa-nut-trees and clove plantations seriously damaged, and more than two hundred lives lost.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A REMARKABLE paper was recently read before the Historical Society of London, in which the theory was advanced that there is an intimate connection between cholera and solar disturbances. Certain scientific men have discovered that the sun spots, which have been attracting so much attention of late, have a regular period of appearing in their greatest and in their least abundance; and that this period is about eleven years—we do not pretend to give the exact figures. Moreover, it is thought that cholera epidemics have a period equal to a period and a half of sun spots. Facts are instanced in proof of this theory, though the wise men are not prepared to say that the sun spots originate cholera. Very certain it is that the inhabitants of this planet can not, at their option, increase or lessen the number of spots which so strangely appear on the solar surface. If cholera depends on the condition of that orb, we can not prevent its appearance. But no fact is more fully established than that pestilence of every kind may be warded off entirely, or essentially modified and mitigated, by the enforcement of strict sanitary regulations. There is now a prospect that New York city may be cleansed from long-accumulating impurities. But in addition to all the care public officials may give to this matter it is one to which the personal attention of every individual should be directed. Cleanliness of person, of clothing, of dwelling, of premises, should be most conscientiously considered during the hot weather. Fruits and vegetables which are not fresh induce disease as well as those which are unripe. With cleanliness, proper diet, good air, and not excessive labor during our heated term in the city no disease will have much chance to become epidemic.

During the last session of Congress a law was passed authorizing the purchase of two squares of ground to be added to the public land surrounding the Capitol at Washington. When these are included, the boundaries of the Capitol grounds will be regular and uniform, and will cut off all parts of the building from any of the public streets. It is the plan to fill the grounds with shrubbery and small trees, and, to do this, larger and coarser trees will be gradually removed.

The "Star-spangled Banner" was performed with fine effect at the opening of the Musical Festival. The three stanzas were sung as follows: first stanza by male voices, ending with full chorus; second stanza by soprano and alto, ending with full chorus; third stanza by soprano solo and grand chorus of 20,000 voices, great organ, orchestra of 1000 instruments, military bands of 1000 performers, all the bells of Boston in chime, and artillery accompaniments! It went off finely—the cannons especially. Mrs. Julia Houston West, of Boston, made a triumph in the soprano solo. Her voice is clear, strong, and vibrating, and judiciously cultivated; so well did she adapt it to the size of the house that she was heard perfectly even in the rear seats. The artillery was fired in perfect time in this last verse, which was not the case in the first stanza. But "all the bells of Boston" were not heard inside the building. Of course the "Star-spangled" had to be unfolded the second time.

Among the most celebrated of the foreign masters of music whom the inducements of the Peace Jubilee have drawn hither at the present time is Johann Strauss. This composer was born in Vienna, on February 12, 1825. His father was also named Johann Strauss, and at that time had already achieved celebrity as a composer of dance music. The elder Strauss intended originally that his son should enter the army, but the extraordinary musical talents which the boy displayed at an early age, and the prayers of his mother, who foresaw the eminence of her son, induced the father to prepare his boy for a musical career. Young Strauss proved so good a pupil that in his seventeenth year he had become an excellent violinist, and numerous compositions of his had been very favorably received. At nineteen he organized an orchestra of his own, whose performances were excellent. From 1846 to 1848 he made a concert tour through Hungary and the Danubian principalities, exciting every where the utmost enthusiasm, and reaping a substantial reward for his efforts. In 1851 the elder Strauss died, and the son united his orchestra with that of his father. This united orchestra has since then held the first place among the bands which devote themselves principally to light music, and has visited nearly every capital in Europe, received every where with the utmost favor. In 1862, on the occasion of Strauss's marriage to the celebrated cantatrice Henrietta Treffz, many European sovereigns conferred decorations on him. Although comparatively a young man, Strauss has published more than 600 compositions, some of which have reached a sale of upward of half a million copies, and these, and the performances of his orchestra, yield him a large income. Strauss is a small man, with black hair and beard, and leads magnetically. In conducting, the other day, at the Jubilee, when the orchestra got well into the waltz measure, he snatched his own instrument and played leading violin, keeping the orchestra in time with swaying of his body, and beating time again with his bow for baton as the air changed.

There is a rumor that the ex-Prince Imperial of France will visit this country soon, in company with Prince Napoleon and his wife.

It is proposed to establish at Rome a new library of books relating exclusively or principally to the history of the imperial city. The Vatican Library is notoriously deficient in such works, especially such as have been published during the present century. The consequence has been that native writers have avoided taking for their subject the history of their native city, while foreigners in making their researches have found themselves continually cramped for the want of good means of reference.

The announcement is made that the Countess of Mayo, widow of the murdered Viceroy of India, has been appointed honorary lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Victoria. Such appointment is doubtless the prelude to an appointment as regular lady of the bed-chamber, which it was expected that Lady Mayo would have on the first vacancy. Since the death of the Prince Consort the Queen has appointed none but widows to these offices. The emolument is $4000 a year, and they are each in waiting about two months annually. These ladies are generally selected from among those to whom money is an object. In former days they went in and out with the ministry, but now only the mistress of the robes—who receives $10,000 a year—is affected by political changes. At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign there was a terrible to-do on this head. Lord Melbourne, having resigned office, was succeeded by the late Sir Robert Peel. Presently Sir Robert came to the Queen and requested that she would demand the resignation of certain ladies of the court very closely connected with the outgoing party. The Queen, very young and inexperienced, declined positively to part with "the friends of her youth." Under these circumstances Sir Robert Peel said he would resign office, and so he did. It proved how much influence he attributed to petticoats.

"An Anglo-Egyptian" writes a letter to the London *Times* concerning a proposal to transport the prostrate "Cleopatra's Needle" from Alexandria and erect it on the Thames Embankment, as follows: "In 1852 a similar proposal was made by the promoters of the Sydenham Palace, and the writer (then living in Alexandria) took some trouble to ascertain its condition and the practicability of its removal. At that time it was exposed and easily examined. It was found that the angles of the obelisk were much chipped, the hieroglyphics on one square almost entirely obliterated, and it was considered not worth the labor and cost of transport. It has since been covered up by the fortifications. The only way to remove it would be that adopted by the French in the case of the Luxor monolith (now in the Place de la Concorde)—namely, by removing part of the wall of the fortifications, and digging a canal deep enough to float a caisson, which must be built round it as it lies, and thus towed during fine weather to England. The east harbors, unfortunately, are shallow, and ships can not approach within a quarter of a mile of its site, so that the transport and shipment of the Needle on board a vessel constructed with an opening to receive and a platform to carry it (as at the time proposed) would be a matter of extreme difficulty. On the whole, I continue of opinion that it is not worth the trouble in its present state, and I doubt if it is capable of restoration."

A very old man once came into the witness-box in an Ohio court. He was asked a common question: "What is your age?"

"Twenty-two."

"You probably mistake the question. The years of your life—I wish to know the number of them."

"Twenty-two."

"Have you spent all your life in Ohio?"

"Oh no. I did live forty year on the Eastern Sho' of Maryland, but I hope the Lord ain't counted *them* agin me!"

The total number of works published in Germany during the past year was 10,669, being an increase of 611 upon the preceding. The classes of literature most numerously represented are, theology, with 1362 publications; jurisprudence and politics, 1052; education, with 1059; belles-lettres, with 950; and history, including biography, with 891.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE students of a college in Maine put the settees in confusion in the chapel of the institution at prayer-time. When the professor entered he took in the situation at a glance, and opening the Bible, commenced reading at the 23d verse of the 10th chapter of Proverbs "It is as sport to a fool to do mischief, but a man of understanding hath wisdom." The boys saw the joke, and have needed no such admonitions since that time.

What flower would finish a drawing-room best?—Rose would.

A lady recently asked a distinguished member of the French Academy of Sciences, "What is the use of being an Academician if you can't tell what comets are made of?" To which the learned man replied, "Madame, that I may be able to say I don't know."

SINGLE-MINDED PEOPLE—Bachelors.

A debating society discussed the question, "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" After full discussion and mature deliberation, the decision was, "Not wrong, but too difficult to pay for the trouble."

A writer on physiognomy sagely says, "A human face without a nose doesn't amount to much;" whereupon Smiggles observes that a human nose without a face doesn't amount to much either.

FASHION—Society's uniform.

What is the difference between a civilized diner and a person who subsists at the north pole?—Attention again!—One has his bill of fare, and the other has his fill of bear.

A twelve-year-old youth at Janesville sent a companion to a drug store with the following prescription: "Hot maple surop and good Bread and one raw egg a weak wil nock the measels hire na kite."

PUR-BLIND—A newly born kitten.

"Have you in your album any original poetry?" asked one young lady of another. "No," was the reply, "but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."

Walter, a five-year-old, was surprised at breakfast by the presence of a diminutive egg, served for his special delectation. He thus accounted for the egg's smallness: "Mamma, I think the chicken was learning to lay."

If a man is a mister, isn't a woman a mistery?

There is a skeleton in every lady's dress.

Mr. Prudhomme, in the decline of life, was talking with his nephew, to whom he related stories of his youth. "But, uncle," suddenly exclaimed the young man, "what struck you most during your life?" "My dear boy, it was your aunt."

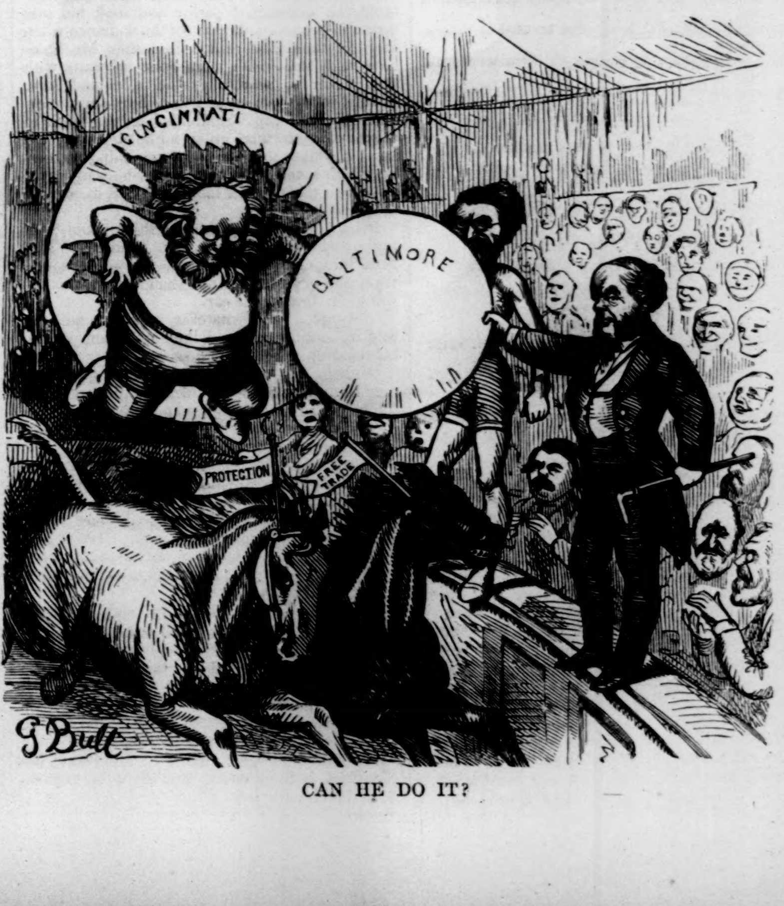
"I wonder where those clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with delicate finger to the heavy masses that floated in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," said her brother.

"FULL OF PROMISE"—Godpapa.

A bachelor friend says he hates this idea of naming every thing after young women; he says he bought a Sally-Mander safe ten years ago, and he's been provoked with himself ever since.

Kum-an-Semee is what a Troy tobacconist calls the big Indian in front of his store.

A Scotch nurse was out with a baby in the master's garden, and the gardener inquired, "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" "A laddie," said the maid. "Weel," says he, "I'm glad o' that, for there's ower mony women in the world." "Hech, mon," says Jessie, "did ye no ken there's aye maist sown o' the best crap?"

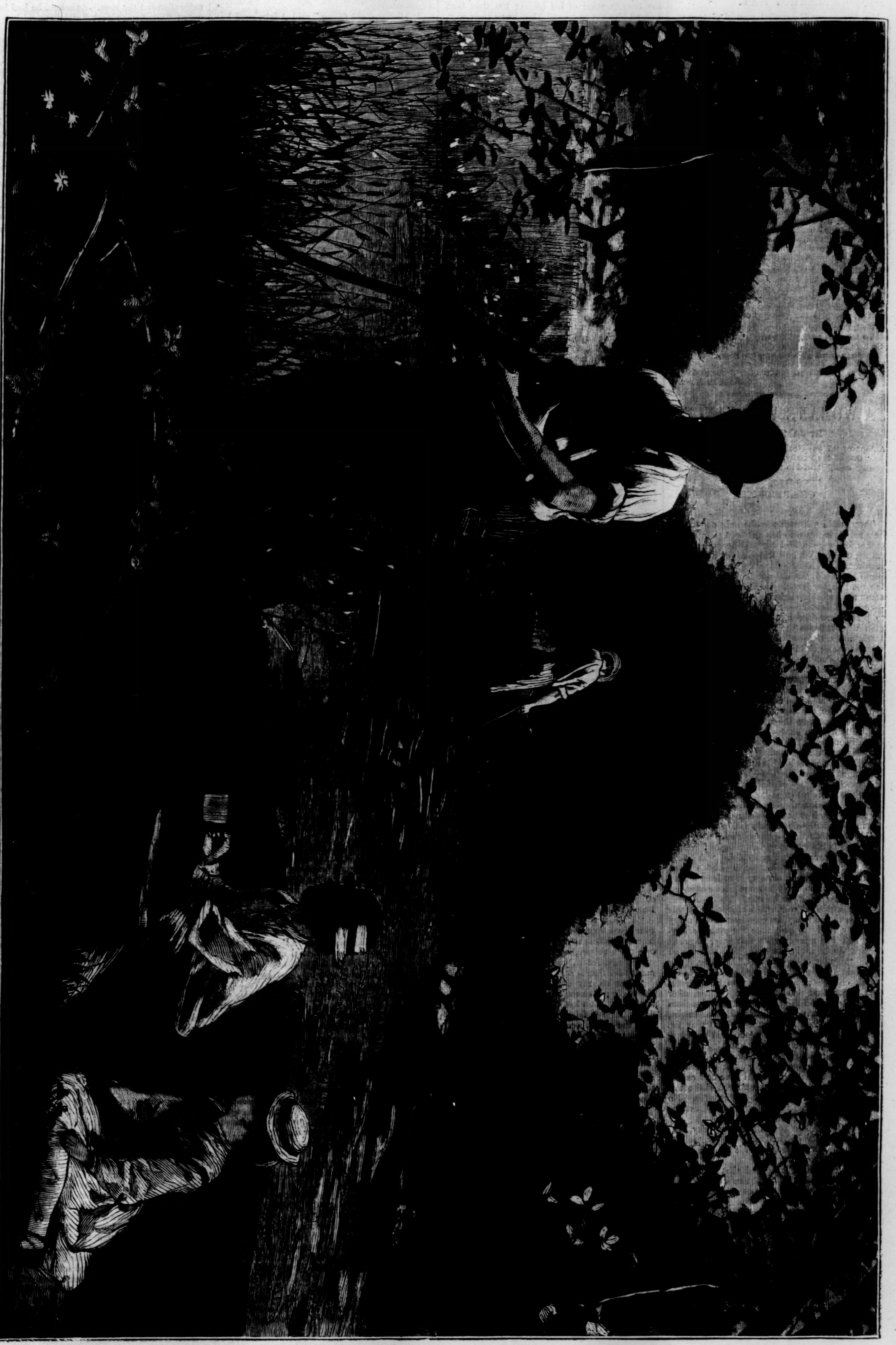


CAN HE DO IT?

"SHYLOCK, WE WOULD HAVE MONEYS AND VOTES."

SHYLOCK. "Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys; You say so:
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit,
What shall I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?......
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
And supply your present wants."

—MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act I., Scene III.



MAKING HAY.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 530.]

MAKING HAY.

MR. WINSLOW HOMER's beautiful picture on page 529 is a poem in itself, a summer idyl, suggestive of all that is most pleasant and attractive in rural life. The poets have always loved the subject, and had we space we could quote thousands of passages from English literature, from CHAUCER's time to our own, redolent with the fragrance of new-mown grass. But as we have not room to spare for extracts which must be familiar to most of our readers, we give a companion piece in verse which suggests to the imagination a picture quite as graphic as that of the artist:

Hanging their scythes on the low-boughed trees,
  The mowers sat down to rest a while;
Each brow was bared to the summer breeze,
  Each face lit up with an honest smile;
For over the fragrant new-mown grass
Tripped merrily Maggie, the farmer's lass.

Roger was young and brave and true,
  His heart o'erflowed with an honest love;
And which was brightest he scarcely knew,
  The girl's blue eye or the skies above;
And the luncheon all unheeded lay
As he looked at Maggie that summer day.

Over the fields as she homeward went,
  "Make hay while the sun shines, boys," she cried,
With a glance of roguish merriment;
  But her lover stepped quickly to her side:
"Ah, Maggie, please, was that all you meant?"
"Why, yes, 'twas the message father sent."

"Well, then," said her lover, "if that be so,
  To take his advice I'll surely try:
So here is a kiss I've saved for you;
  Perhaps you'll give me one by-and-by."
And Maggie, she blushed a rosy red:
"You're the smartest farmer of all," she said.

MARY D. BRINE.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LUCK.

THE goddess Fortune is the only one of the heathen divinities who has survived the disaster of her fellow-gods, and has still her worshipers among us; and yet how little are her nature and requirements understood! We would all please her if we could, but not one of us is certain of the road to her favor. Curiously enough, it is among the most irreligious persons that her rites—ceremonials and observances that are supposed to please her—are most carefully paid. The man who believes in nothing else, believes in Luck, and endeavors to propitiate her with devices at whose childishness the African adorers of Mumbo Jumbo might laugh. I have seen a minister of state turn his chair round at a whist-table in order to avert her displeasure; I have seen a warrior, to whom the safety of an army has been confided, and not in vain, lodge an ivory fish upon the candlestick to secure her good graces; I have seen the most prudent of attorneys call for fresh cards—and pay for them—in the full confidence that she would be gratified by that extravagant proceeding; I have known a venerable divine to lay his finger with indecent haste upon the two of clubs—because "whoever first touches the two of clubs" (as he was good enough to explain to me) "secures a good hand for himself"—directly after the hands were dealt. To scoff at such ritualistic observances is to excite in these idolaters an indignation not unmingled with satisfaction—precisely such a feeling, in fact, as is induced in certain religious persons when they hear the railing infidel. "It's very shocking; but he'll suffer for it—that's some comfort." And the idolaters are at least logical in their reflection, for when one man suffers at cards, others reap the benefit. To do Arthur Tyndall justice, he committed no impiety of this sort; on the contrary, he was observant of every ceremony likely to propitiate the goddess Fortune, and yet, whenever he had played against Messrs. Jones and Allardyce, he had suffered loss. "Under one's own roof," however, it has been said by one of the priesthood of this cult, "luck changes;" and it was with the cheerful expectation that this would happen that, after Uncle Magus and the rector had departed from the smoking-room at Swansdale, about midnight, the host sat down at the card-table to play loo with his usual antagonists. Adair did not play, but looked on, gravely enough, smoking his pipe, and watching the winners: from them he never withdrew his eyes—save once, when Tyndall exclaimed, "Curse the luck! I'll have new cards"—until the luck became unbearable, and the host rose, and declined to have any more of it. No money had changed hands, but the transactions on paper had been considerable.

"Well, you *have* been deuced unlucky, and that's the fact," said Mr. Paul Jones, condolingly. "In his own house, too; it's really too bad. Ain't it, Allardyce?"

"It's hard lines," returned that gentleman, with a yawn; "but luck will run so sometimes. As for me, I've won all this pot of money almost without knowing it, for I've been as much asleep as awake. That traveling on the river makes one so confoundedly sleepy! I could scarcely see the cards."

"Oh, don't go to bed yet," pleaded Mr. Paul Jones; "let's have one more cigar first."

"I shall not prevent your smoking any number of cigars, my pretty Polly—and especially of Tyndall's cigars—but as for me, I am off to my virtuous couch, to sleep the sleep of the just." And he lit his bedroom candle. On seeing this, Mr. Paul Jones reluctantly did the same.

"I will see you to your rooms, gentlemen," said Tyndall, rousing himself with an effort from the consideration of his losses; but they both begged him not to do so. They knew their way, and he had a cigar to finish.

"You should have stopped," whispered Jones to Allardyce as they trod softly along the well-carpeted passage together, "and not have left Tyndall alone with that fellow: he has been watching us all night as a cat watches a mouse."

"I know it," answered the other; "and it's quite as well that we have altered our little game. The more he watches us now, however, the better. By-the-bye, you know the exact number, I suppose, that—"

"Hush! Yes; forty-eight."

"I'll make a note of it, however, for if but one remains, like that story of the cock and the pomegranate seeds in the 'Arabian Nights'—"

"Here's your pocket-book, Allardyce, if that's what you're looking for," said a quiet voice: "you left it on the whist-table."

"Thanks, Adair, thanks," said Allardyce, taking from his hand the article in question, and dropping it in his pocket.

"How imprudent you are!" exclaimed Mr. Paul Jones, peevishly, when the baize door of the smoking-room had swung noiselessly upon Adair's retreating figure, and the two friends were once more alone together.

"Why so, man? You don't suppose I'm fool enough to write any thing compromising in a pocket-book?"

"I don't mean that; but you were talking so loud when he came up with us."

"He is welcome to all I talked about."

"Well, as it happened, I believe he may be," said Mr. Jones, reflectively. "But, depend upon it, he listened all he could. If there is one character more contemptible than another, it's an eavesdropper."

"Very true. But here is my room; and if you have no other jewel in the way of a sentiment to drop in my ear, I will now wish you good-night."

"Good-night!" Mr. Jones walked on, shaking his venerable head, on which the bump of "caution" was unnaturally prominent, and only slightly counteracted by that of a tendency to strong liquor—"good-night, and don't talk in your sleep.—Curse that eavesdropping fellow Adair! How I wish I knew what those two are talking about in the smoking-room!"

Let us, reader, enjoy the opportunity for which Mr. Paul Jones sighed in vain.

"Did you ever see such infernal and unvarying ill luck as mine, Jack?" inquired Tyndall, with that strange desire for condolence in loss which characterizes most gamblers, no matter how independent of sympathy they may be in other matters.

"Very often," replied Adair, coolly. "Always, in fact, when I have seen you play against Jones and Allardyce."

"Oh, that's all nonsense, my dear fellow. They are as straight as a die, so far as that goes; I'll lay my life on that."

"If you go on playing with them, it is my belief, Tyndall, that you will soon have nothing else to lay."

"Stuff and nonsense! The luck must turn some day. One would really think the cards were bewitched." His eye turned toward the table, whereon they still lay in disorder, and lit upon the pocket-book. "That's Allardyce's. Just run after him, will you, Jack, since you've done your pipe, and I don't want the smoke to get all over the house. Thanks." Then, when he had come back: "There were some rather heavy items against my name in that confounded book, Jack."

"I have no doubt of it," said Jack. "I suppose twenty-five pounds would not be much when set against your account this evening; but there they are." And he laid down the notes upon the table.

"My dear Adair," exclaimed Tyndall, in an offended tone, "what are you thinking about? I never borrow of a friend, you know."

"I know that, though I do not agree with your ideas upon the subject, especially since you borrow of these men, or, at least, are content to owe them money, which is the same thing."

"Really, Adair, you must permit me to remark that that is *my business*, and not yours."

"Just so, my dear fellow," returned Jack, cheerfully; "exactly as this is *your* money, and not mine. You lost it to me, it is true, but you did not lose it fairly, for I was perfectly certain that the event against which you betted was about to come off. Allardyce offered to take your ten to one, if you remember, that Jones mounted the barge-horse and rode back—"

"Well, it *was* ten to one against his doing it," interrupted Arthur. "Nothing but my infernal luck could have put it into his head to ride a horse."

"I beg your pardon; it was Allardyce himself that put it into his head. I heard him whisper to Jones as he started, 'Ride him home.' That was why Allardyce offered you the wager; that was why I took less odds, and spoiled his market; that is why I now say those five fivers are yours!"

"My dear Jack, I know you believe every word you speak," said Tyndall, gravely, "and I know that you mean nothing but good to your friends. But I don't know any man whose judgment is more blinded by prejudice. Granted that Allardyce said, 'Ride him home.' Well, that might be only chaff, or, more likely, a sneer; and even if he meant it, what guarantee could he have had, on the instant, that Jones would have done his bidding? Pray take up your money, and don't let us talk upon a matter on which we shall never agree—namely, the merits of Jones and Allardyce. I don't think them perfection; but as to any charge of dishonesty, it is an insult to my understanding and to myself to bring such against any man with whom I am in the habit of associating."

"All right, old fellow," said Adair, good-humoredly putting the notes back in his pocket, and filling his pipe.—"How beautiful Miss Helen looked to-night!"

"Yes indeed, did she not? I do believe she's very fond of me, Jack."

"I never doubted *that*," returned Adair, quietly.

Tyndall colored, and puffed vigorously at his cigar—a sure sign with him that he was ill at ease.

"You see, I'm not a soft fellow, Jack, like you, with women. I may have been so once"—Jack nodded assent: "You *were*," said he, parenthetically—"but I've knocked about too much in the world for that now. You don't know what I've done and gone through. They say human nature is the same all the world over; but that's not true. It's worse, far worse, where I've been than here at home."

"It must be deuced bad, then," said Jack, with confidence, and glancing involuntarily toward the card-table.

"I wish I had something better to give Helen in exchange for her devotion to myself than what is left to me of a heart; that's what I mean, Jack. My life, since I came to manhood, has been a mistake. I should never have disagreed with the poor old governor, nor have left Swansdale."

"Ah!" returned the other, dryly, "but you might have staid at Swansdale, and yet have downright quarreled with him."

"That's true." He sunk his voice as he added: "I saw her to-day, Jack, at the lock, and spoke with her."

"I know it," said Jack, curtly.

"How could I help it?" pleaded Tyndall. "'What! haven't you a word to say to your old friend, Jenny?' said old Jacob; and I was obliged to go. When I saw her standing at the cottage door, looking straight at me with her great reproachful eyes, and fifty times more beautiful than ever, I said to myself, 'Arthur Tyndall, you're a liar and a coward.'"

"You should have thought of what you would say to yourself when you saw her, months ago."

"I did, Jack; but where was the use? It was the fear of that very thing which kept me from coming down here, or from asking a word about her. If the old man had only kept away for good, and not brought her back again here close to my very door! Helen wished me to row her up to the lock this very evening: think of *that!*" Tyndall rose and paced the room with hasty strides. "Oh, Jack, if I had only had the pluck, when I first came home, to run down here at once, and—redeemed my word, instead of staying up in town until I could not redeem it!"

"Why?" inquired Adair.

"Why?" reiterated the other, impatiently. "Why, because I had not the money. Three 'thou' in hard cash have I paid to Paul Jones already, and I owe him as much again; and Allardyce has had his pickings also. Of course I've been a fool; but who was to know that luck would run like that? Now Helen's money—though, of course, I don't marry her for that—will set me straight, and keep my father's roof over my head and Uncle Magus in his cottage; and I did hope that Jenny might have gone away, as I knew her father meant to do; but there—it's just like my luck!"

"But does Jenny still think of *you*, Tyndall?" asked Adair, gravely.

"Not she; she is too proud. She even refused to hear any explanations of my conduct. The time was past, she said, for that, and she should be ashamed of herself if she permitted me to give them."

"Well, that is as it should be," said Jack.

"I suppose it is," answered Tyndall, ruefully. "I try to put Jenny out of my head altogether; a fellow can't do more than that, you know; and I'm sure I like Helen very much. It 'll be all right when we're married, at all events; I'm quite sure of *that*."

"I hope so, indeed," answered Jack, earnestly.

"Well, as I am about to be a Benedick so soon, it is only right that I should accustom myself to early hours," said Arthur, smiling. "Good-night, old fellow, and when you have finished your last pipe, put the candles out."

"All right, Arthur. Good-night.—He's going to marry the wrong young woman," muttered Jack to himself as the door closed behind his friend. "I was afraid of that all along."

CHAPTER XII.

A NIGHT WITH THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

THOUGH it was now very late—and, indeed, the day was about to break—Adair made no sign of retiring to repose. He had one of those constitutions which—in youth, at all events—the want of sleep seems to affect but little; and though by no means of dissipated habits himself—for he was a sportsman whenever he had the opportunity, and a hard worker, save when, as now, he chanced to take a holiday—he had been used to the small hours. It is by no means unusual, in fast society, where play is deep and night is turned to day, to find some quiet athlete who sits in his arm-chair pulling at his pipe and regarding the wild doings of his comrades with but a moderate amount of interest. He does not play; he does not bet; but always "sitting out" in a state of philosophical calm, sometimes sees more of the game than those who join in it. And Jack Adair was one of these. Without any striking characteristics of his own, he had always been very popular among men; and though only a few of the opposite sex were able to appreciate his honest worth and independent simplicity (which most of them called "want of polish"), those who were able to do so admired him even more than did the men. At school he had been called "Gentleman Jack," and distinguished for an uprightness and sense of justice very uncommon among school-boys. At Oxford, though neither a reading man nor possessed of marked ability, he had made himself more respected by the authorities of his college than many a man who was a "credit" to them as a scholar; while among the under-graduates, whether as a "first-rate oar" or "an excellent bat," a "man without an ounce of humbug in his composition," or as "the best fellow in the world" (and quite impervious to the effects of liquor), he was adored. Jack never lost a friend, and thus it happened that, in after-life, he was so often found in the society of men of widely different habits from his own, and even sometimes in that of those who, if you judged men by their companions, would have caused you to have entertained rather an indifferent opinion of even Jack himself. Arthur Tyndall had been his closest college friend, notwithstanding a great difference of character, or perhaps in consequence of it; for

"This was rich where that was poor,
And this supplied that's want the more,
As his unlikeness fitted his."

Jack grieved for his friend's faults, but did not blink at them (and it was to Arthur's credit that the other's plain speaking had never caused a rupture between them); while he appreciated his virtues (and they were many) to the full. "What could he do for him? How could he help him in his present fix?" was the thought that was now agitating Jack's honest heart. The facts of the case, as they seemed to him, were that Arthur was in love with two women at once: a position by no means impossible (with all due deference, ladies), nor perhaps even unusual, but very embarrassing, at least when it occurs in Europe. What made it more difficult to Jack, as a question of morals, was the loyal conviction he entertained that Arthur Tyndall, though impulsive and even unstable, was incapable of a baseness, and must be considered in the main, to be the victim of circumstances.

And Jack knew all the circumstances. In the old days Arthur had kept nothing from him—not even his secret love for Jenny Wren. The girl had been but seventeen or eighteen at most then, and yet, as Jack had thought, one of the most sensible as well as lovely girls he had ever spoken with; but then she was an innkeeper's daughter: and what folly it had been in his friend to enter so passionately on a pursuit which could never end in capture! As for any thing dishonorable in the affair—from it's having been confided to Jack we may be sure there was nothing of that sort; and to do Arthur justice, no such idea had entered into his thoughts. He meant to make Jenny Wren his wife—some day. Jenny had not concealed from him that she reciprocated his affection, but she looked at it with clearer eyes, and perceived its hopeless character. To obtain the elder Tyndall's consent to such a union was evidently out of the question: even Arthur did not attempt to do so, and the estrangement between himself and his father took place upon a wholly different matter—a money matter. On the eve of his departure for a distant land he had had an interview with Jenny, in which she had exhibited immense good sense and entire unselfishness. He would have bound himself to be hers forever, but she would not permit it. "My heart is yours," said she, "whenever circumstances permit you to come and claim it, and if you still choose to do so—"

"If I still choose!" had been his indignant interruption. "Can you suppose absence or distance can affect love like mine?"

"You have never tried them, Arthur," had been her quiet rejoinder. "There is, at all events, no need of vows, which bind only the unwilling; and if unwilling, I do not wish you to be bound."

Her prescient heart—if it were not mere self-sacrificing generosity that actuated her—had not misgiven her in vain. How idle are the saws that talk of absence and distance as only more endearing to one another those whom fate has parted! Does the memory of our dead, then, grow more lively and more poignant as the years revolve without them? In solitude, perhaps, and when occupation is wanting to the mind, it may still feed itself with fond regrets; but in the busy world, and still more among scenes of novelty and excitement, the image of the beloved one fades and fails. So was it with Arthur Tyndall: nor must we think too harshly of him because of it. He was by no means incapable of noble and unselfish actions, as we have seen in his giving the sick sailor lad that priceless boon; his nature was generous and affectionate; he was no "liar," as the pang of conscience had caused him to call himself; but he was unstable of purpose, and a gambler. He not only liked high stakes, which is a variable term, and means playing for such sums as are of importance to us, but gambling—that is, risking more than we can afford. He had anticipated the funds that would have been at his disposal on his father's death, and on its occurrence had come home, impoverished, yet not so poor but that with what was left to him he could have lived on at Swansdale and maintained Uncle Magus (a sacred trust with him) at the cottage as before, and in ignorance of his change of fortune. His marriage with Jenny might have been then effected; and if "the county" had refused its sanction to the *mésalliance*, so much the better, for it would have saved his purse-strings; but immediately on his arrival in town he had fallen in with certain old acquaintances, and some dangerous new ones, and the result had been such pecuniary loss as was almost ruin. Why had he not flown upon the wings of love, it may be asked, *at once* to Swansdale?—a question not to be answered to the satisfaction of the fair sex. That brief delay, however, had cost him dear. By his own

act he had rendered that impossible which, five years ago, he had looked forward to as the crowning happiness of his life. Then came Helen, as beautiful as her namesake of Troy, and with the power to re-establish his broken fortunes.

Such, in general terms, was the position of Arthur Tyndall, as it appeared to his friend. Whether he had really sacrificed love for money, whether he still entertained for Jenny any great proportion of that affection with which he had once regarded her, and all of which was Helen's due, Jack could not tell for certain, but he feared that it was so. He took his friend's part as far as he could. Jenny might have been magnanimous in refusing to permit her would-be swain to plight his faith, and agree to correspond with her through those long years of absence, but the result had been unfortunate. If there had not been great danger in such a course, there would have been no magnanimity; but there had been danger, risks, temptations, which had ended in necessities to which Tyndall had succumbed. It had been wrong in him, but by no means inexcusable. But what if Arthur, contrary perhaps to his own expectations, had not got off with this old love before he got on with the new? What if, coming down to Swansdale an engaged man, he had suddenly found the sight of Jenny too much for him, awakening sweet memories of the past, and making the future hateful? Jack was not given to sentiment, but he was a man of scrupulous honor and sense of justice, and this apprehension filled him with pity, not so much for Arthur and Jenny, as for Helen. He did not take "the county" view of the affair at all; he knew that Arthur would have by no means "married beneath him" had he married Jenny, and, indeed, that the latter was a greatly superior young lady, in all respects worth consideration, to Helen herself; but it was about Helen that he was troubled most. She had given her love to Arthur, and was about to give her money. Suppose he should have nothing to give her in return, or even but a little! She was by no means one, if Jack judged her rightly, to be satisfied with half a heart, and still less if she should find out that the other half was in another woman's keeping. Yet his mind misgave him sorely that this would be the case.

It was true that Jenny had behaved with dignity and prudence in refusing to listen to Arthur's excuses for himself, but how long would she maintain that admirable attitude if she really loved him? Jack was not a scholar, but he had studied in the school of human nature with some profit. He called to mind Arthur's studious reticence to him upon the subject of his first love ever since his return to England, and even when announcing to him his engagement to Helen. It would have been surely natural to have alluded to Jenny *then*, if he could have honestly said, "I have got over that, old fellow, as that good, wise girl herself always said I should do." How suspicious, too, had been his behavior on board the barge! so nervous and *distrait* as they had approached the *Welcome*, so relieved when he had found her departed from it; or, if that might have happened in any case, what but the very madness of the renewal of love would have prompted him at the lock cottage to offer explanations of his conduct! The time, as she had said, was indeed long past for that, and silence would have become him far better. And yet what could Arthur Tyndall do in his crippled pecuniary state, and with that three "thou" of debt to Mr. Paul Jones hanging over his head? He could offer himself *as* "a hand" to old Jacob Renn, and assist him to open the lock gates, but he certainly could not offer his hand, with a deficit in it, to his daughter. What a position of —Jack put gently aside the words "disgrace and dishonor" that suggested themselves to his mind, and substituted for them—"embarrassment!" What a hobble had poor Arthur brought himself into, and how was he to escape from it, if at all? Whether to cut away masts and rigging—throw over position and competence—or heave overboard the precious cargo of honor and good faith, and ride the storm out *that* way, was unfortunately not offered to him as a simple alternative. The question was far more complicated; it included poor Uncle Magus's interests, which he was bound to protect, for one thing, besides Helen's, and Jenny's, and his own. Still, if the money were but forth-coming, the difficulty would not be so insurmountable. Arthur would then, at least, be free to choose.

How different, thought Jack, was the position of affairs to what it had been when he was at Swansdale last, five years ago and more! Arthur had his difficulties even then, but they were not discreditable ones; the road of his love did not run smooth, but it did not fork and run in two directions. This was the room they used to smoke in then; it had been Arthur's play-room from a boy, and there stood the book-case still, with its store of youthful literature, mixed with a few novels of a later time. "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver," the "Arabian Nights"— By-the-bye, what had that scoundrel Allardyce said about the "Arabian Nights" as he had come up with him and his confederate (Jack always called them "the confederates") in the passage: "If but one remains, like that story of the cock and the pomegranate seeds in the 'Arabian Nights'"— If one remains of *what*, I wonder? And what *is* the story?

Jack took down the volume from the shelf, and finding no such title as the cock and the pomegranate seeds in the index, sat down to peruse it. The dawn was finding its way in through the shutters, and it reminded him that when a child he had once sat up till daybreak over this very book; but it was new to him now again. What a farrago of absurdities and improprieties it seemed to him as a man! how strange that it should be placed in the hands of children at all! and yet what an undeniable charm and interest hung about these princes and princesses, whose names were sneezes, and who lived, even by supposition, no nearer than at Samarcand or Bassora! Some of the stories, such as "The Fisherman and the Genius" and "The History of the Husband and the Parrot," were familiar to him through quotation, but for the most part he remembered nothing of them. Long-bearded, broad-shouldered Jack, pulling gently at his twentieth pipe or so, had become a child again, listening to Scheherazade with all the attention of her husband the sultan. When he arrived at the story of "The Second Calender," however, his attention was arrested by the following passage:

"*The pomegranate immediately began to swell, and became as large as a gourd, which then rose up as high as the gallery, and rolled backward and forward there several times; it then fell down to the bottom of the court, and broke into many pieces. The wolf in the mean time transformed itself into a cock, ran to the seeds of the pomegranate, and began swallowing them as fast as possible. When it could see no more, it came to us, with its wings extended, and making a great noise, as if to inquire of us whether there were any more seeds. There was one lying on the border of the canal, which the cock in going back perceived, and ran toward it as quickly as possible; but at the very instant that its beak was upon it the seed rolled into the canal, and changed into a fish.*"

"If but *one* remains, then," thought Jack, "of somethings or other, I know not what—I am quite sure he was not joking, from the earnestness of his tone—there will be danger to Messrs. Allardyce & Co. What he must needs have meant is, that that one would be as dangerous as though all were left. If I could but find that one, I would bless the 'Arabian Nights' as long as I lived. What *can* that one thing be?" Jack's eyes lit upon the cards that had proved so fatal to his friend, and fixed themselves there. He had watched those men with the utmost care that night, but could see no signs of what he had more than suspected on previous occasions—namely, the existence of a secret telegraph, a silent code of signals, between them. He had no more doubt that they were blacklegs—cheats—than of his own existence; but how did they accomplish their villainy? It is easy for a fool that has lost his money to aver that he has been cheated, but it is only fools who sympathize with him unless his assertion can be proved. The world, in its wicked wisdom, is slow to credit such charges; while, curiously enough, the man that is really cheated is often the last to believe it. The suggestion is humiliating to his *amour propre*. Tyndall had already shown himself credulously obstinate in the matter of the bet on the river, and he was not likely to be less so where much heavier stakes were involved. Jack had been not only vexed with his friend's infatuation, but hurt that his own evidence had been disregarded, and he was firmly resolved not to make another move until he could see his way to checkmate the enemy. "If but one remains." Well, if the metaphor of the pomegranate seeds were a correct one, there ought to be a great number of these dangerous somethings. *Suppose the cards were marked*, and one of them found to be so—would not that be a case exactly applicable?

The blood rushed to Jack's forehead: in his excitement, this idea seemed almost a revelation. For now that he came to think of it, the winners had not made their gains at loo that night so much by the possession of good cards as by their singular good fortune in taking "miss." If they took miss, it was sure to be a better hand than Tyndall's, and if they did not take miss, and declined to play, it had always turned out that if they had played they would have lost by it. Now all this would, of course, have happened had they known the cards before they were turned. He took up a pack—they were white-backed ones, with elaborate white spots upon them—and throwing back the shutter, examined them with eager care. They had been slightly soiled with use, but there was not a mark, nor sign, nor prick upon them. He felt them over with delicate deliberation, but there was neither projection nor roughness such as might have guided a dealer's hand. Where had they come from, those innocent-looking bits of card-board, that had cost his friend so much? They had been taken—six packs of them—from a great brown-paper packet under the book-case. Jack turned it over, and examined it carefully; it looked all right enough, and had evidently come straight from the manufacturers. "From Darwin & Co., Card-makers," was pasted outside it, side by side with the railway parcel ticket. There were two-and-forty packs remaining; six had been taken out; so there had originally been four dozen—forty-eight. Why, was not that the very number mentioned by Paul Jones just before Allardyce began to speak? It had made no impression on him at the time, for the doors in Swansdale Hall had been all numbered as at an inn, through some strange fancy of the late Mr. Tyndall, and he had thought that Jones was merely referring to his own apartment; but now it recurred to him with quite a new significance. If it *was* the number of packs of cards to which Jones referred, then Allardyce's reply was pregnant with meaning indeed; and if it was not, the coincidence was extraordinary.

Adair returned to the table, and was about to take up a pack of cards when a sudden idea struck him. "If I take one of these," thought he, "Messrs. Jones and Allardyce will be sure to miss it. They will not think of counting those in the parcel, and even if they do, they may come to the conclusion that the Messrs. Darwin may have sent one short." With that he put a new pack in his pocket, and was about to leave the room, when the book lying on the table attracted his attention. "I'll put that back again," he muttered: "if these scoundrels escape me, it shall not be through lack of prudence. There's not much in my idea, after all, I fear, for my eyes are sharp enough, and as yet they have discovered nothing. Still, 'Patience and shuffle the cards,' is a good motto." The shelf was well filled, and the return of the "Arabian Nights" was opposed by another volume of this juvenile library, whose title thereby attracted his attention—"Mornings with the Microscope." "By Jove!" cried Jack, "that may be a great piece of luck. Since my unassisted eyes have failed to detect any thing wrong, suppose I try a morning with a microscope!"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. OCTAVE PAVY now announces his intention of starting very soon from San Francisco on that raft expedition to the pole about which so much has been heard for the last twelve months. He proposes to take with him Dr. CHESMORE, who has had much experience in Alaska, Captain MACK, the seaman who crossed the Atlantic on the raft *Nonpareil*, and WATKINS, a celebrated Rocky Mountain hunter. He carries with him a rubber raft built like the *Nonpareil*, which can be transported with ease on the land, and is capable of carrying a large weight on the water. The expedition will be taken to Petropaulovski from San Francisco, where dogs and fur clothing will be procured; and they will then endeavor to make Wrangel's Land direct, instead of going by way of Cape Yakan, as originally intended. From this island, if they reach it, they will launch their raft, and make their way to the coast of Greenland, touching at the pole on the way!

The report of the Fish Commissioners of Connecticut for the year 1871 has been presented to the May session of the Legislature, and contains an account of the proceedings during the year on the part of the commissioners, Messrs. WILLIAM M. HUDSON, ROBERT G. PIKE, and JAMES A. BILL. The report contains valuable information in regard to the breeding of shad in the Connecticut River; and the opinion is expressed that the extraordinary yield in 1871 was the legitimate result of the immense numbers bred in the upper waters of the river since 1867.

The most important portion of their work during the year was that in reference to stocking the rivers with salmon. For this purpose the commissioners joined the authorities of Massachusetts and Maine in prosecuting experiments, under the direction of Mr. ATKINS, Fish Commissioner of Maine, for the purpose of obtaining salmon spawn in the Penobscot River. The result was quite successful. The eggs being divided among the three States mentioned, nearly 22,000 of them came to the share of Connecticut. These were placed in hatching-boxes in the Poquonock, and have been hatched out with the loss of only about twenty per cent. The commissioners soon expect to have about 24,000 salmon fry in good health, to be distributed in Farm River, Little River, and the Saugatuck.

We not long since gave an account of the discovery of a remarkable human skeleton found at a depth of twelve feet in the earth of a cave of the reindeer period, in Laugerie-Basse, Dordogne, France, and we now have a notice by RIVIÈRE of a skeleton of about the same age found in a bone cave near Mentone, in Italy, on the 26th of March last. The cave itself had been frequently explored in the interest of archæology, numerous interesting specimens having been discovered of marine and lacustrine shells, various bones, bone implements, teeth and jaws of cave bears and pachyderms, ruminants, etc., etc. The skull was covered with numerous perforated shells of the genus *Nassa*, as also with certain perforated teeth of the deer. A pointed bone implement was laid upon the skull, and behind it two flint arrow-heads. The bones had maintained their shape tolerably well, although somewhat distorted by the superincumbent pressure.

Around the skeleton were various implements of unpolished flint, an awl, the incisor bones of oxen, deer, pig, etc., and various shells.

A valuable contribution to the literature of botany has just appeared in the form of the first installment of the "Flora of British India," by Dr. HOOKER. This includes all the British territories in India (including the Malay peninsula and the Andaman Islands), with Cashmere and Western Thibet, but excluding Afghanistan and Beloochistan as belonging to a different region —that of Western Asia. The total number of species of flowering plants to be included in this work is from twelve to fourteen thousand; and in giving a systematic account of this immense flora in a compact form Dr. HOOKER has earned the gratitude of all who have occasion to investigate the species of that region.

Dr. HOOKER, in his report upon the Royal Gardens at Kew for the year 1871, remarks that while the actual number of visitors has been absolutely less than the two preceding years, the number of desirable visitors has been greatly increased. More than two-thirds of the total number on the other days of the week visit the gardens on Sunday—Monday, the "artisans' day," showing a considerably larger number than any other week-day. The almost perfectly orderly conduct on this day contrasts very favorably with that displayed by some of the fashionable Saturday visitors. The usual facilities for students have been granted in the way of examination of living plants and the herbarium, and extensive interchanges of living plants and seeds have been made with similar establishments at home and abroad. Among other enterprises a gardener has been sent out to Jamaica to re-establish the botanic garden there, which had been carried on for so long a time, but which of late had been allowed to fall into neglect.

The general interest felt in arctic explorations is best seen from the many expeditions either actually at work or now being fitted out. Among the latter may be especially mentioned the Austrian, as likely to occupy the foremost rank. When Messrs. WEYPRECHT and PAYER, in 1871, returned from their reconnoitring cruise with such important results, the desire to continue researches so successfully begun became universal. The most liberal contributions of money were immediately offered, and in a very short time the sum of $70,000 was collected. The emperor, the high officials of the government, the nobility, and private citizens all willingly gave aid to the enterprise. It was resolved to intrust Messrs. WEYPRECHT and PAYER with the leadership—a confidence well deserved by the energy, integrity, and scientific accomplishments of these gentlemen. A screw steamer, schooner-rigged, of 220 tons, with an engine of ninety-five horse-power, has been built, an ample outfit for a three years' cruise prepared, and a crew selected with the utmost care. This will consist of two officers and sixteen sailors of the Imperial navy, a physician, a machinist, and two chamois hunters from Switzerland.

The object of the expedition, according to Mr. WEYPRECHT's statement, will be to follow up the track in the unfrozen ocean, toward the east and north, met with in last summer's cruise, and to further explore the arctic sea north of Siberia. It is intended to winter at Tscheliuskin, the most northern cape of Asia, to continue the exploration of the central polar sea during the second summer, and to penetrate to Behring Strait, and an Asiatic or American harbor during the third.

Quite a different plan has been adopted by the Swedes. They will winter upon the most northerly of the seven islands of Spitzbergen (81.5° north latitude), and next spring proceed to the north pole upon sleighs drawn by reindeers, fifty of which are in training for the purpose. Mr. NORDENSKIÖLD will direct the enterprise under the auspices of the Royal Swedish Academy. Mr. WEYPRECHT, however, considers this plan as chimerical in the extreme.

Two Norwegian expeditions, in steamers, will explore the Siberian ice-sea in the direction taken by the Austrian expedition. They are commanded by Captain G. JENSEN, of the steamer *Cap Nord*, and by Captain SVEND FOYN, the celebrated enterprising whaler.

According to Mr. GUSTAVE AMBERT, the French propose to dispatch an iron screw steamer from Havre to continue explorations in the path marked out by Messrs. PAYER and WEYPRECHT in 1871.

We have to record the safe arrival of Mr. HENRY W. ELLIOTT at the island of St. Paul, Behring Sea, on the 28th of April. He left Washington last March under an appointment from the Treasury Department, as an assistant of Captain BRYANT in looking after the interest of the United States in connection with the fur seals on the Pribylov Islands. Mr. ELLIOTT expects to spend some time at St. Paul, and to devote much attention to the study of the islands, and in collecting specimens of their natural history. Wielding a ready pencil, he also proposes to make sketches from life of the fur seal, the walrus, sea-lion, etc., so as to give us a better idea of their general appearance than we can gather from the stuffed caricatures in public museums.

An excellent compendium of our present knowledge of the sun and the phenomena of its atmosphere, from the pen of Professor YOUNG, has just been published by CHATFIELD & Co., of New Haven. This author, it is well known, has himself occupied a very prominent part in the history of more recent discoveries in regard to the sun, and the article referred to is the substance of a lecture delivered at New Haven during the past winter. This has, however, been materially modified, so as to bring the subject up to the present state of our knowledge, as rendered necessary by the rapid progress made in the science of solar physics.

A New York paper contains a remarkable notice of the capture of a trout lately made in Chazy Lake, by Mrs. RHODES, wife of the agent of the State-prison at Clinton. This lady is an expert angler, and has long had a reputation for ability as a trout fisher; but during the present season she not only eclipsed all her brethren of the rod, but even her own previous exploits. Without adverting to the circumstances attending the capture, which are detailed with considerable minuteness, she is said to have hooked a trout, which, by dint of great exertions of herself and companions, and by good luck, she succeeded in landing. This is asserted to have been a genuine speckled trout, and to have weighed twenty-two pounds and one ounce, weighing nineteen pounds and one ounce when dressed. Whether really a brook trout or a lake trout is yet, however, a matter of dispute.

Hon. Mr. LAMISON, of Ohio, recognizing the great importance of the fishery interest, has introduced a resolution providing for the appointment of a regular standing committee of the House of Representatives upon fish and fisheries.

Professor GERVAIS, in a communication to the Academy of Sciences of Paris upon a fossil monkey lately discovered upon Monte Bamboli, near Leghorn, in Italy, remarks that the total number of fossil genera of monkeys from the tertiary of Europe at present known amounts to five, two of these being lower forms—namely, Macaques, and Semnopitheques; and three of them, anthropoid apes, entirely peculiar to Europe, and all extinct—namely, *Dryopithecus*, *Pliopithecus*, and *Oreopithecus*. The latter name is applied to the new species, forming the subject of Mr. GERVAIS's communication. This was considerably smaller than the gorilla, although equal in size to the large chimpanzee.

In the June number of the *American Journal of Science*, Professor MARSH, of Yale College, has an important paper on mosasauroid reptiles, which are so well represented in the cretaceans of this country. Among the new points established by Professor MARSH are: 1st, the correct position of the *quadrate bone*, which has been reversed by some previous writers; 2d, the discovery of the *stapes*; 3d, the discovery of the *columella*; 4th, discovery of the *malar arch*; 5th, determination of the *quadrato-parietal arch* in several genera; and 6th, the number of the cervical vertebræ. The anterior and posterior links of the order are also fully described.

Two new genera, *Lestosaurus* and *Rhinosaurus*, are established. The paper is illustrated by four plates, in which both the anterior and posterior arches and limbs of this group are figured for the first time.

THE NEW SYNAGOGUE.

We give on this page an engraving of the Jewish synagogue recently erected in this city, at the corner of Fifty-fifth Street and Lexington Avenue, from designs by Mr. Henry Fernbach. The ground dimensions are 140 by 93 feet, with an extreme interior height of 62 feet. It is divided by pillars into bays, of which one is the organ-loft, another the choir, and the others the naves. The windows are filled with rich glass, and the east end is ornamented with a beautiful rose-window. The interior walls are profusely decorated in polychrome, applied in geometrical patterns. The style is mainly Moorish, although the arrangement is Gothic. The cost of the synagogue was about $300,000, and it will seat 1500 persons.

ST. PAUL'S AMERICAN CHURCH, ROME, ITALY.

The lower sketch on this page shows the new church about to be erected in the city of Rome, Italy, by the American congregation there. This congregation was organized nearly twelve years ago under the care of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It worshiped in the beginning in a room of the United States legation; then for a time, under cover of the American flag, in a hired room in the Vicolo Aliberti; but finally, in 1867, was forced to give way before the intolerance of the papal laws, and take up its quarters without the walls of the city. The rector in that year—the Rev. Thomas B. Lyman, D.D.—found a large granary outside the Porta del Popolo, took it in its rough state, and fitted it up at his own risk into the comfortable chapel that has been the home of American worship in Rome during the past five years. Here, side by side, the English, the American, and two Scotch churches found the only resting-place for their worship under the pope—held without the gates as an unclean thing because they would not fall down before the Moloch of the papacy. Only the Lutherans held their services within the city, in the palace of the Prussian embassador, in the very citadel of the Capitoline Hill.

To the monsignori of the papal court the quarter outside the Porta del Popolo was known as of evil association, given up, as it was said, to heretics and swine, in allusion to the fact that the open place between the gate and the English chapel was used as the city hog-market. But the Roman people did not share in this unfriendly feeling. Oppressed by a government whose irresponsible absolutism outraged every civil and religious right, and was a blot on the civilization of Europe, to them the sight of the Protestant services outside the gates was a welcome one, for it was a constant reminder that all the world was not groaning in hopeless slavery, and gave promise of a day which should ere long bring liberty to their long-oppressed city. No sooner, therefore, had the French bayonets been withdrawn from Rome, and the blighting miasma of the Pope's temporal power melted away before the will of the Italian people, than the vestry of the American congregation resolved, first, to remove their services at the earliest opportunity within the walls of Rome, and second, to build a church which should be a permanent home for their worship, and which should be in some measure worthy to represent in the Old World's capital the dignity of our faith, and of the people who first put into living protest among the nations of the earth "the inalienable right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience."

This greatest of all those "rights of men" for which our fathers have ever been ready to spend life and fortune, from the days of Runnymede even to our own, is one of the fundamental principles of the Italian constitution; and looking upon the building of this new church as the first material declaration of that right within the late capital of superstition and absolutism in Europe, the constitutional government of free Italy welcomed gladly this movement on the part of the American residents in Rome, and gave all assistance within its power toward the prosecution of the work.

Steps were immediately taken in Rome to raise the necessary funds. A building fund committee was formed, consisting of the Rector and Messrs. W. H. Herriman, D. Maitland Armstrong, and W. Stanley Haseltine, and after a considerable sum had been pledged in Rome, the rector—the Rev. Robert J. Nevin—

THE NEW JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, CORNER OF FIFTY-FIFTH STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

returned to this country to secure further subscriptions. His appeal received the strong indorsement of nearly all the bishops of the Episcopal Church, and of a committee of laymen, among whom are the names of the Hon. Hamilton Fish, General John A. Dix, the late John David Wolfe, J. Pierpont Morgan, J. V. L. Pruyn, Orlando Woods, Henry Chauncey, William T. Blodgett, and William Scott, of this State, John Welsh, of Philadelphia, and Hon. E. R. Mudge, of Boston; but the burning of Chicago put an end, for the moment, to all collections for foreign fields, and Mr. Nevin was obliged to return to his post at Rome before a sum had been raised that would justify the beginning of the new building.

During the winter, however, the vestry were able to secure an admirable building lot, at a cost of about $19,000 (nearly paid for by subscriptions received in Rome), and to determine fully the design for the new church. The lot selected is on the Via Nazionale, which, on account of its central position, width, and easy grade, will be the principal street of the new city. It leads from the piazza of the railway station, opposite the Church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli (Baths of Diocletian), to the Corso, which it enters near the Fountain of Trevi. The church will stand at the corner of the Via Napoli, central to both the old and new quarters of the city, and in a situation so conspicuous that it can not fail to arrest the attention of all that are in Rome, whether citizens or strangers. Licenses for over four hundred buildings have been given this year in the new quarters beyond where the church will stand, and several large hotels are already nearly finished on the blocks immediately adjoining.

The designing of this new church was intrusted to Mr. George Edmund Street, R.A., perhaps the master architect of England. The style chosen is the early Italian Gothic, which unites the advantages of being sufficiently familiar to the American mind and entirely distinct from the architecture of the Roman Church, without, however, being out of keeping with the climate or associations of the place. The building is intended to seat 800 persons. Its general exterior dimensions are 132 by 64 feet. The vestry have very wisely bought sufficient ground to put up in rear of it a school-house, library, and parsonage, and an apartment for the crèche, or day nursery, which was started by the ladies of the congregation in November, 1870, *the first* charitable work organized by Protestants in Rome.

The new church will be fitly named in honor of St. Paul, not only because of his unquestioned presence and death in Rome, but because he is the great teacher of the radical principles of true Protestantism—faith, grace, loyalty to conscience as to Christ himself. As far as her churches go, Rome has put St. Paul without her walls; his spirit also was dangerous to her "peculiar institutions." Is it not a little significant of the mission of America to Old-World bondage and superstition, that the American congregation, so long banished without the Porta del Popolo, should bring his name within the walls where in bonds he testified before the heathen judge that the word of Jesus Christ, risen from the dead, can not be bound?

The Rev. Mr. Nevin has again returned to this country to try to secure the means yet needed to carry on this church to an immediate completion. Forty-five thousand dollars are needed for this purpose; and while subscriptions of the smallest amount will be thankfully acknowledged, surely it would seem that there could be found in all our wide land more than forty-five gentlemen able and willing to contribute one thousand dollars each to this work in acknowledgment of God's great goodness to them in ordering their lives to be cast in a country where the Bible has been open to them from their youth up, where the human conscience is free to recognize and follow after truth wherever it is found, and where God the Holy Ghost is yet reverenced and honored and worshiped as the one infallible teacher

FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH TO BE ERECTED IN ROME.—[From the Architect's Drawings.]

and guide of the human soul. The Rev. Mr. NEVIN may be addressed in care of WILLIAM SCOTT, Esq., No. 111 Wall Street, New York. Subscriptions will be received to the account of the Building Fund of St. Paul's Church, Rome, by Messrs. BROWN BROTHERS and Messrs. DREXEL, MORGAN, & Co., New York, or J. S. MORGAN & Co., London.

ROME—SHAVING DOGS ON THE STEPS OF THE TRINITA DE' MONTI.

SHAVING DOGS IN ROME.

"IN the good old time," says the artist to whose pencil we are indebted for the illustration on this page, "that's just a month ago, you could not descend the steps of the Trinita de' Monti without stopping before a very curious spectacle. You halted at a line of dogs tied to the stone-work in the sun, some shivering, some dripping, some dozing, some restless. Dogs they are, poodles, *lupettos*, Maltese; but jolly dogs no longer, and they look up at you with the most woe-begone expression. 'Yes, Sir,' they seem to say, 'you may well look at us. We are, indeed, objects of pity, deprived of coats, fleas, and liberty. The hand of Fate has been upon us—Fate in the person of that old woman who has ruthlessly washed and shaved us. If you have a heart, pray, oh, pray, to the dog-star to temper the wind to the shorn poodle.' You turn to the old woman, and find her bending low over a poodle patient, who lies under her scissors as if under chloroform. Queer old lady that! I sketched her the other day in the very act. At first she showed a coy reserve, a maiden modesty, and retired behind a slab. But I stood my ground, and time being valuable to her (Heaven knows how many dogs she shaved a day!), she reappeared, and set to work again. So did I; and in the midst of it she looked up, fixed me with her eye, smiled, and pointed to her mouth. I took the hint, and before I went left an offering on her altar beside the victim. And what a philosophic victim! Nothing of the Cynic about him, but the complete Stoic. He never snarls or flinches; he lies there perfectly resigned, turning his eyes up as he ponders why poodles should be allowed to wear hair only round the head, the stump or tip of the tail, and in anklets above the feet."

"CHIFFONNIERS."

WHO has not seen in Paris, toward six in the evening in winter, rather later in the spring and summer seasons, the prowling figure of a muddy man who stops to consider the heaps of refuse emptied by the side of the pavement, fumbles amidst them with a crook, and transfers as much of their contents as he thinks worth the while into a deep-mouthed basket on his back? He is the chiffonnier, or certificated ragman—a person whose existence is involved in just enough of nocturnal mystery to make him an object of wondering interest to the grown-up world, and of hideous terror to misbehaved small people. His clothes are an amalgamation of blouse,

patches, rents, and string, such as Callot or Gavarni might have sketched for him; his caps belong to the fashions of no recorded time or people; he has some such sobriquet as Bijou or Bibi, which fits him oddly, like his cap; and his countenance is as often as not illustrated with a red nose and a black eye. Follow him, however, and you will not see him deviate from that rectilineal course which is the outward sign of sobriety. He slinks by, straight, silent, and stealthy as a shadow. If darkness has set in, the lantern which dangles by a rope from his left hand glimmers in the distance like a will-o'-the-wisp; and if you ask any question of the man, he will answer you civilly but curtly, and pass on. Foreigners, policemen new to their work, or people against whom he has accidentally run at a street corner, have occasionally treated Bijou or Bibi as a vagabond; but this is a mistake. He is no vagabond. He carries in his pocket, and carefully imbedded in a tin box, which is the only clean thing about him, the license which is at once the charter of his independence, the cause of his even-tide civility and soberness, and the patent which raises him during the hours when he plies his crook vocations to the level of a municipal functionary.

At first the chiffonniers were a disconnected body, plying each man his vocation for his own sole behoof; but in time this system was found to be unproductive, and so the chiffonniers organized themselves into a community like those of the mendicant monks in former days, or the Greek brigands in ours. They now form a close corporation, numbering about 450 souls, men and women, and it is a matter of form and difficulty to procure a license and to get enrolled among them. In every quarter of Paris—and there are eighty quarters—exists a dépôt whither the chiffonniers carry, after sorting them, all the good things they have been able to find in the evening—bits of old iron, brass, rags, cloth cuttings, old pomatum pots, gloves, battered hats, shoes, bones, etc.; and the district dépôts in their turn forward all these treasures to a central dépôt, where their value is appraised and the sum divided equally among the members of the brotherhood. Of course there are things which the ragman is allowed to keep for his own private use; of such are cabbage stumps, carrot shavings, and other vegetable refuse, of which one is sorry to say he makes soup; but, taking account of these deductions, the average earnings of a chiffonnier still range from two francs fifty centimes to three francs a day. This seems a large sum for casual gleanings off waifs; but Parisians living in flats throw out into the streets a multitude of things which, if space were less confined, might be stored up for years as lumber.

The chiffonnier has three streets in Paris which he prefers to all others for his residence—the rues Mouffetard, Filles-Dieu, and Sainte Marguerite—three hideous streets, which might pass for relics of the medieval Cour des Miracles of cut-purse memory. But the ragman feels at home here: he is with other ragmen, has his special cafés and eating-houses, knows his neighbors and is known of them, and can be tipsy or sober as he pleases without fear of scandalizing the quarter. It is not often that the ragmen come to arguments or blows among themselves, but sometimes the chiffonnières do, and then the battles are apt to be exciting.

A chiffonnière generally plies her crook by hereditary tenure. Her father was a ragman; she was brought up among rag-folk, and she becomes a rag-girl, a rag-woman, and finally—if Heaven spare her—a rag-hag by the natural sequence of events. This accounts for the young and sometimes pretty chiffonnières one may meet in the streets; also for the battles above mentioned, which have generally some too-seductive chiffonnier for their cause. But let it be said to the honor of the chiffonnières that their morals are habitually good. They contrast favorably and proverbially in this respect with some of their "betters" in Parisian womandom.

Now and then a chiffonnier will disappear from his beat. Whither? If you follow up the man—not by his name, which most often the Prefecture alone knows—but by his sobriquet of Bijou, Bibi, or whatever it may be, you will generally learn one of two things—either Bijou vanished "mysteriously and has not been heard of since," which, being translated, means that Bijou while out on his rounds must have found a trinket or a pocket-book which proved too much for his honesty, or Bijou is dead. The former of these contingencies is not of frequent occurrence; but there is more than one instance of it on record: and What becomes of the chiffonnier who has found a fortune? is a question that must remain as puzzling to solve as that other query, What becomes of the things which Bijou picks up, puts in his basket, and sells? Usually, however, the disappearance of Bijou is the indication of his death. The profession is not one that induces longevity. Out at night in all weathers, perpetually stooping, inhaling noxious vapors as a matter of habit and necessity, the chiffonnier's average span of rag-picking does not exceed five years. After that he declines into asthma. On an afternoon one may occasionally see the commonest and basest of hearses threading its way up the long Rue de la Roquette to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, followed by a shaggy crew of tattered mourners. This is Bijou or Bibi being escorted to his last bed by his fellow-ragmen. French ragmen do not fail in these pious observances, and perhaps, as you stand and watch the curious procession filing by, the official at the cemetery gates will whisper to you: "Monsieur would be surprised if I were to tell him the real name and history of the man being buried there. They will put nothing more than an initial on his tomb; but if the man had been told when young this is how he would go to his grave, he would have laughed outright. Life has singular ups and downs."

FAVORABLE REPORT ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The Committee on the Pacific Railroads of the House made a report prior to adjournment upon the resolution of February 13, to investigate and report upon the actual condition of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. The statement is voluminous, embracing all the evidence adduced before the committee. The following is a brief synopsis:

There are no charges of any kind whatsoever made against the management of the company, and in order to meet the suggestions made in any communications referred to the committee or any of its members, as well as all questions of a general character, the committee put interrogatories to the company which were answered under oath. The range of the inquiries was designed to cover the actual condition of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and to be exhaustive.

The evidence shows that the affairs of the company are in a sound and clean condition. Thus far the road has been constructed by contractors, to whom the work has been let after public competitive bidding. No director, officer, or engineer of the company has been in any way pecuniarily interested in the construction contracts or the purchase of material or supplies.

The building of the road has progressed as rapidly as prudent financial management and the permanent interest of the road permitted. The work throughout is shown to be of the best quality. The iron is all of American manufacture, and from American ores.

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The company has examined, platted, appraised, and prepared for market 1,578,890 acres of its lands in Minnesota and Washington Territory, at a cost of one per cent. per acre, and of these lands applications are on file for the purchase of 140,904 acres.

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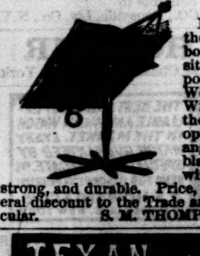

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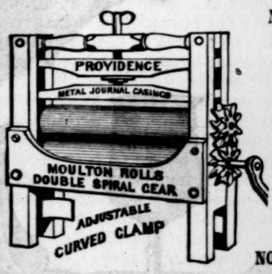

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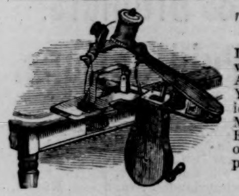

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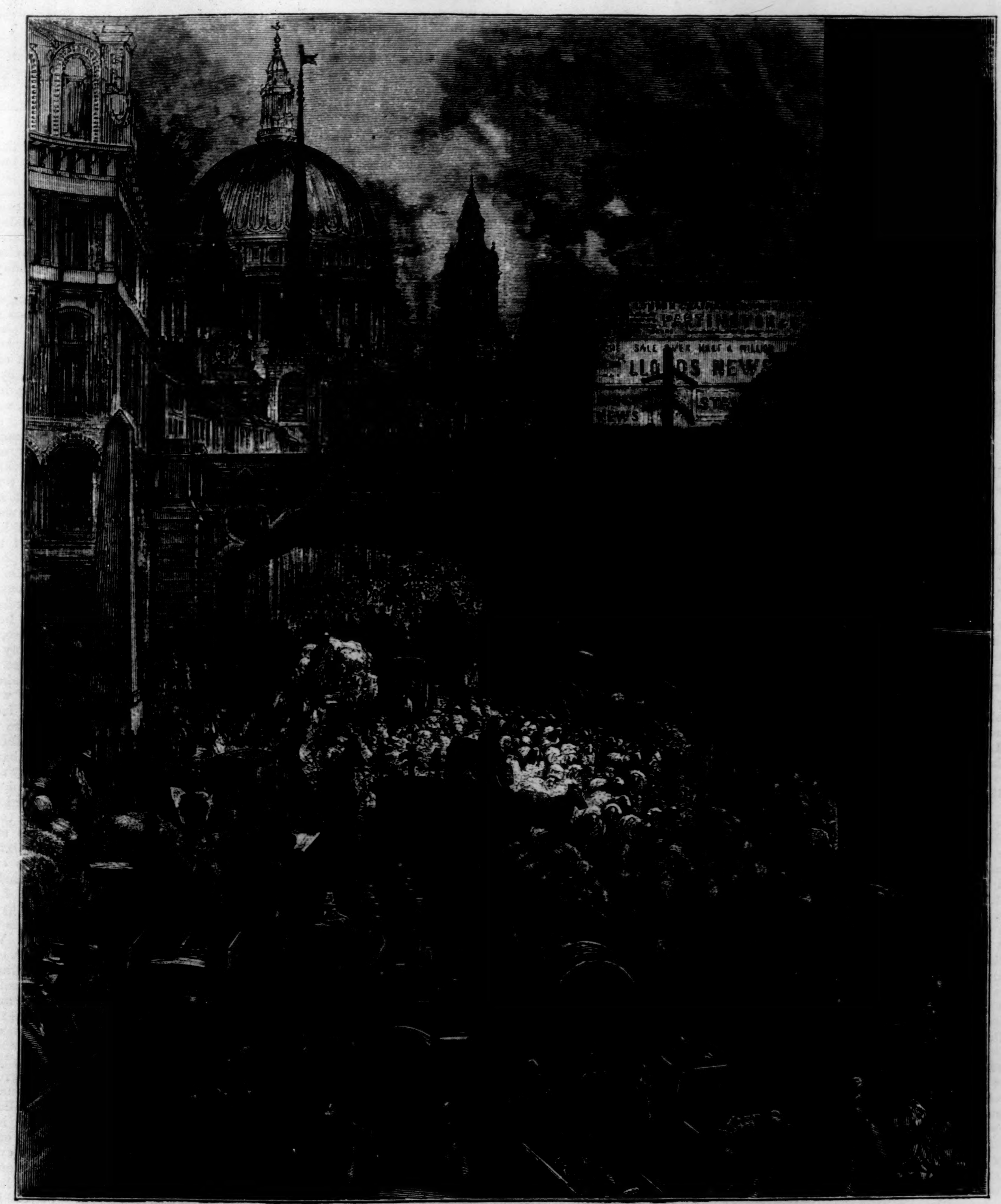

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CHAPTER V.

ALL LONDON AT A BOAT-RACE.

LET us remember the Chinese proverb: "What is the glory of having fine clothes if you can not go to your own village to wear them?" In this spirit London must have turned out of bed on the foggy morning of the 6th of April, 1870. Every man shook out his finest suit; every woman drew forth her dress that to her mind best became her. Nay, the poorest got their mites of finery. The lucifer-match boys, habited in rags of surprising and complicated tenacity, sported their bit of deep or pale blue. The fresh University colors looked very harsh and odd in the lowlier neighborhoods through which the mighty tide of holiday London rushed. The blue, pale or deep, was tied to a stick, crowning ginger-beer barrows, flaunting from broken whips, about the fan-tail of a dustman, nodding over the noses of coster-mongers' donkeys, and stuck amid the tatters of "gutter children" perched aloft in the river-side trees.

But the holiday was for all London: for Parliament and people, for the Heir-Apparent planted in the Umpire's boat, and for the work-folk lining the sylvan shores. Every tint and shade and film of shade of Gainsborough's Blue Boy was patched upon the myriads who covered the Thames Valley from Putney to Mortlake. They who had blue dresses were indeed fortunate, and sported them; they who could afford to buy, bought, and were happy. Every London apprentice aired one University color. I verily believe that the drunkard was on that day happy as he stroked his blue nose. From Hampstead to Sydenham, from Islington to Brompton, London was covered with the blues—the sardonic foreigner would say—and exactly the English way of making holiday.

WESTMINSTER STAIRS—STEAMERS LEAVING.

The "little village" was completely out, even to the babies, and all were happy in the glory of fine clothes put forth in the sight of neighbors, in the sharp way of the Chinaman.

Early in the morning, however, London was quieter than usual. It was the lull before the rush. John Bull was at home meditating on the frolic of the day. Business the most important was put aside. The Land Bill was as far away from men's minds as Magna Charta or the Bill of Rights. The Great Boat-Race of the year had grown gradually to this startling exodus of the million-voiced city!

On the eventful morning I was aroused by a friendly voice—the voice of my fellow-pilgrim—asking what had happened. We were well into the morning, and it was as dark as the darkest midnight. The two Pilgrims confronted one another candle in hand, speculating on the turn affairs would take on the river in presence of a completely representative London fog. It was choking: it made the eyes ache. It rolled into the house, as a visitor remarked, like a feather-bed, at the heels of every arrival. For sky we had a deep yellow-orange roof across the street; and about the street red specks of light played, borne by lads and men whose voices seemed to reach us through woolen comforters. A fog almost equal to this had surprised us on an early journey, when a coffee stall proved a most welcome illumination to us; but to-day I could tell my fellow-traveler that he had at last seen one of those famous darknesses which, in every stranger's mind, are the almost daily mantle of the wonderful and wonder-working Babylon.

After all, we should have to give the boat-race up.

"On such a day Charon should be umpire. Not upon the silvery Thames, but upon the ebon tide of the Styx, should there be a tough contest." This from a stranger.

But the true Londoners present got on with their preparations, inquired about horses and carriages, gave orders, filled cigar-cases, and dispatched breakfast.

These knew their April London well. While breakfast proceeded the yellow curtains of fog swayed and tumbled, and began to show streaks of lighter finery beyond. It was remarked that the sun was getting power.

"The Sun!" exclaimed the pilgrim, who was stuffing his pockets with pencils. "That's a good joke!"

The sun presently answered, and laughed in play of light along the trees, as we trundled forward through Wimbledon.

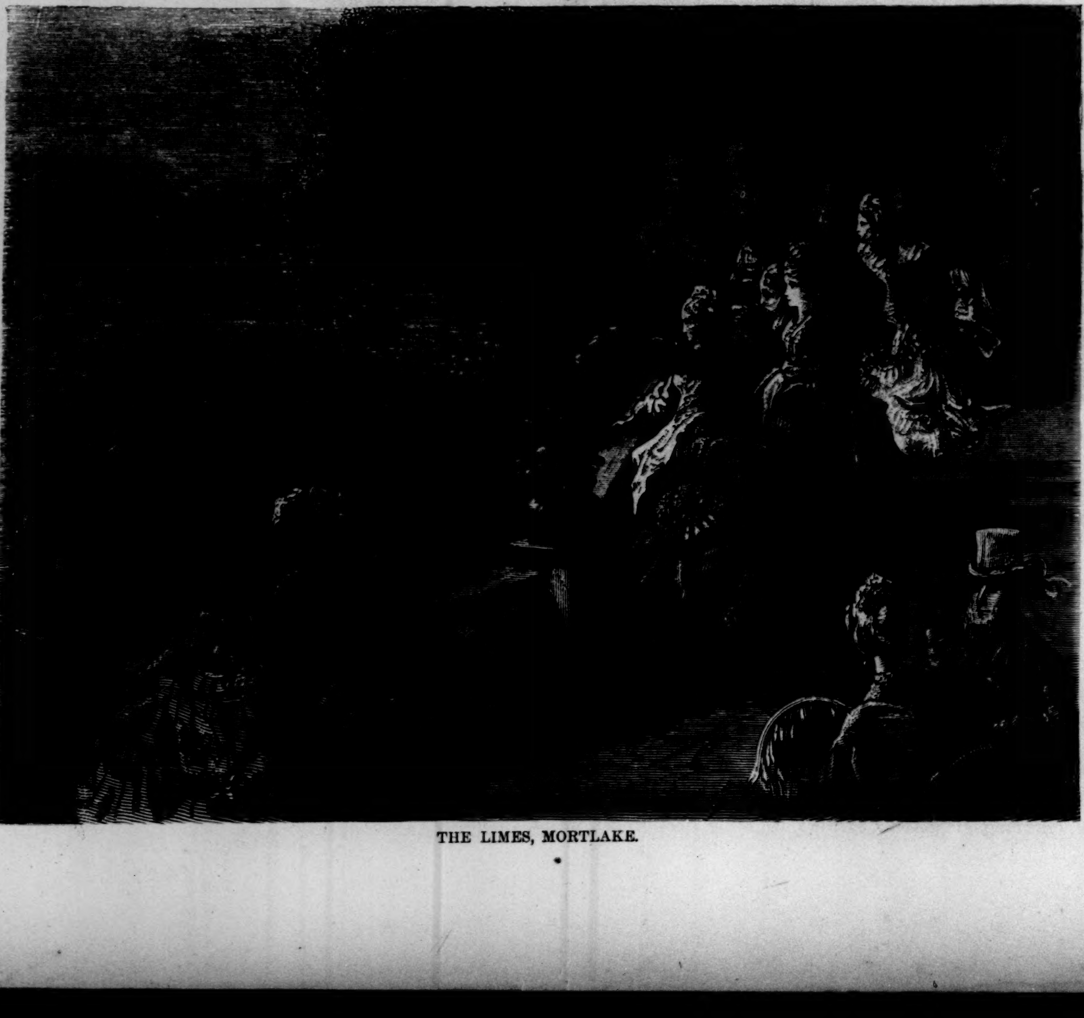
"Is it possible," was the question that fell upon my ear at every turn of the road—"is it possible that this tremendous rush along both banks of the river, this block of a dozen bridges, this unbroken water procession, and these moving steamers massed to the funnels with humanity can all be provoked by a single contention among a score of University students?"

Strangers who have been educated in the idea that the English people are just the mournful set, hard, unimpressionable, and addicted to the spleen, as they have been perseveringly misrepresented from Froissart to Heine and the living *chroniqueurs* of Paris, who look out upon us from a Leicester Square back window, and exclaim, "Heavens! how foggy and full of sadness!"—these misdirected strangers are surprised at a smile, and startled at a laugh, and bewildered by a round of applause when they come into the midst of us. The vibration of vigorous human life that thrilled along the shores on the April day when all London turned out to see a tussle between two University crews was not that of a mournful, dejected population. The towing-paths presented to the view of the more fortunate people upon the private river-side terraces a mixed population that, in its holiday guise, showed marks of the fierce London struggle. The mechanics and their wives and children looked pale; but they were of buoyant spirits. The lines of boats and barges drawn up on either side of the river, leaving a fair open way to the race, and covered with motley thousands, sent forth tumultuous sounds of undying gayety, through hours, pending the event of the day. The laughter rattled in sustained volleys from Putney to the winning-post. Every lane, alley, and road through which the human river, broken into streams, tended to the scene of the day was gay with the happy spirits of the travelers to the race. Even those who could not go stood in their doorways in their Sunday best, and displayed their sympathy by a bit of the light blue, or of the deep.

PERCHED IN THE TREES.

At the same time the popular gypsy tribes and the poor coster-mongers trotted forth to let out chairs and forms, tell fortunes, and offer the fair-games upon the open spaces which are dear to the mass bent on amusement. The public-houses played their usual part over leagues of ground; and by their doors the road was blocked with thirsty citizens. The frothing pots were every where handing to pyramids of drinkers upon the tops of omnibuses; to buxom women crowded by the half dozen, by a most incomprehensible economy of space, into spring-carts; and to the flaunting, impudent roughs perched upon costers' barrows. Authority, in the shape of the police, was alone solemn and stolid.

The people took their refreshment by the way copiously and noisily, presenting extraordinary groups and combinations to the artist; but on the ground, in the reserved barges, on board the chartered steamers, in the launch to which we were so graciously invited for the better use of pen and pencil, along the terrace at Barnes where the carriages were ranged, as by the ropes at Epsom or Ascot, and at the open windows of the villas, and along the animated lines of the rough-hewn stands thrown up as speculations, eyes sparkled and tongues clattered to the well-known music of Epernay and Rheims. Even the Peggys selling "flowers from street to street" had a merry eye. Stately beauties looked down upon the surging tide of uproarious men and women that ebbed and flowed between the files of carriages and the trim villas and stands. The "chaff," which is no little part of the Londoner's enjoyment when holiday-making, was such as it is well for our national reputation the foreigner should not understand. The carriages were unhorsed; the timber-stands were hemmed in; tiers upon tiers of pretty faces were at the windows, curtained with flowers, and bowered in evergreen, all at the mercy of the Cockney tongue. If there was any thing to regret in this close and prodigious meeting of class with class, it was not the absence of gayety. The hum rose to a shout and then subsided; but it was taken up along the line of barges, carried across the railway bridge by the men who were packed like flies upon it, and passed along the opposite shore. The shout of laughter or extra thrill of excitement went traveling up and down the river. There was an electric current over all the course, impossible to be understood by the witness who had not got to understand the extraordinary combativeness of the English character.



THE LIMES, MORTLAKE.

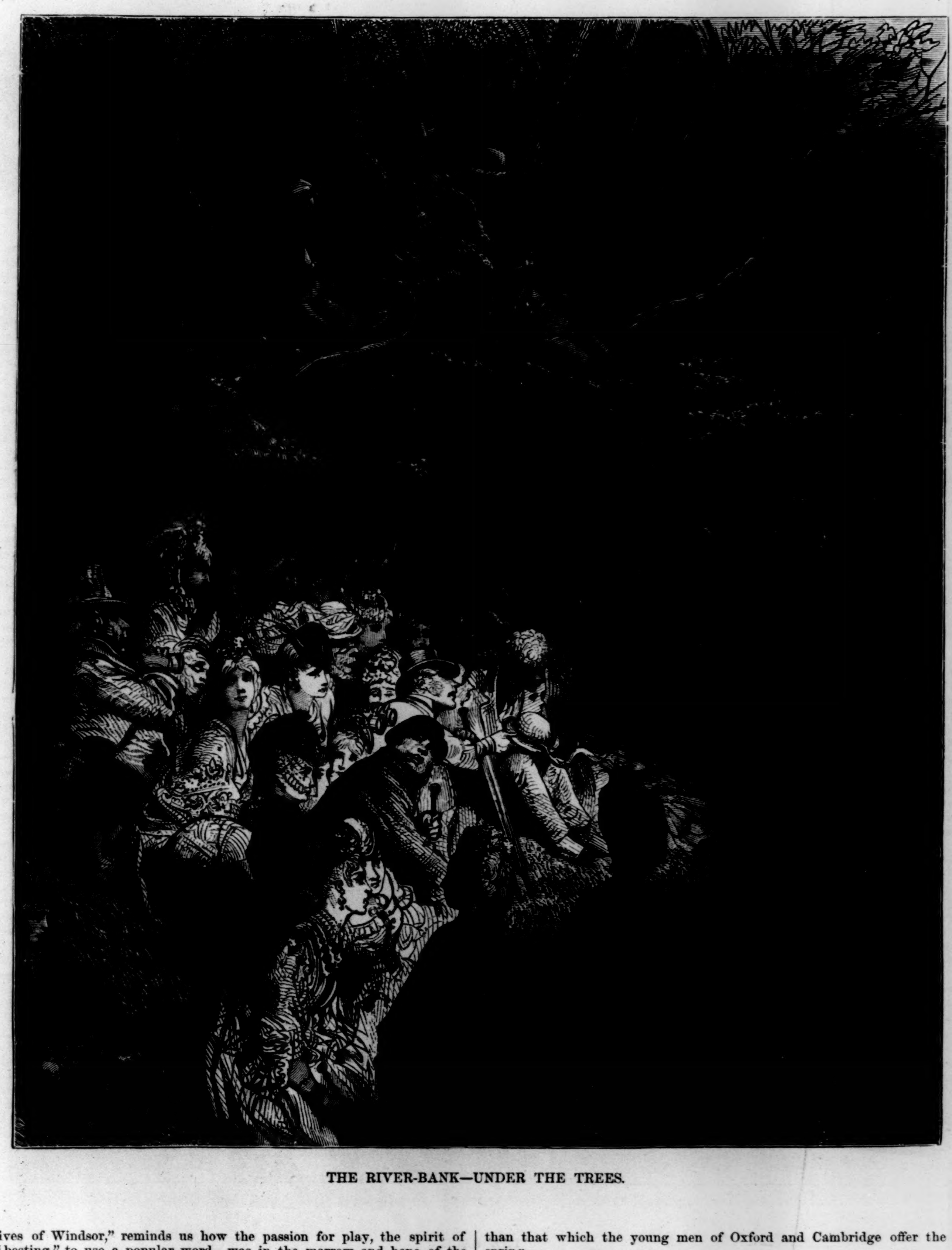
Why are those urchins, perched up in yonder limes, at the peril of their necks, to catch a glimpse of the struggle between the Oxford and Cambridge crews, so utterly possessed with the keen spirit of the day? Why is the gypsy lad proud of the pale blue in his straw hat? Why are those groups of poor shop-men wrangling over the relative merits of the Cambridge and Oxford stroke? Why is there a sparkle in the eyes of the servant-girls, and the street-folk generally?

The reason is the combativeness which lies deep in the English nature, and which has expressed itself in brutal and in noble forms ever since we were a nation. The keenness of the life-struggle is expressed in the astounding masses of frantic people who are here, upon every boat and plank that will float; upon every inch of vantage-ground, covering every slate and tile of every roof, and swinging upon every valid bough of every overhanging tree. Men and women of all estates, as we have remarked, feel alike the blood dancing in the veins at the idea of the fierce contention, after long and

anxious preparation, that is about to happen. The beautiful women, nested like birds in the ivied house, and peeping timidly out upon the uproarious mob, have a spirit akin to that of the lowliest girls who spin the gypsy's needle for gingerbread. But the ladies express their combativeness in the archery ground. It is not a love of gambling, but the hot desire to be on one side of every conflict, that leads all classes of Englishmen to the race-course. This same spirit is that which has developed our unparalleled extent of trade. That which we saw in the Pool has exactly the same fulcrum as that which stirs this mighty holiday in Thames Valley. It is the race of life in little, or expressed in a happy, festive manner.

The very place whence the University boat-race is started is an ancient gamblers' resort. In the time of Queen Elizabeth the village, in the quiet of which many successive Bishops of London have meditated, was, we are told, the most notorious place for blacklegs in all England. A "fullam" was and is a loaded die: and Shakspeare, in who lays ten-pound notes to the coarse, bibulous vagabond who scents the shillings in the waterman's pocket. When these gentry arrive, and are to be seen of mornings scampering along the banks of the river in the wake of the boats, the quiet, handsome shores, fringed with noble timber, and used to no more bewildering sound than the plash of an oar, the splutter of ground-bait, or the shambling tread of the horses along the towing-path, echo the coarse language of the adepts in river-side slang. It seems a vast pity that so fine and manly and honest a struggle, in which skill and pluck are allied, should be marred by such ugly surroundings as those which the booths and beer-houses present to the eye of the observer.

After all, however, it is a brave and hearty and wholesome holiday—the first thorough outing of the Londoner in the brisk and balmy spring. The Vicar of Wakefield remarked that he was ever an admirer of happy human faces, and those who are of his tender and homely way of thinking can not give themselves a richer treat



THE RIVER-BANK—UNDER THE TREES.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," reminds us how the passion for play, the spirit of contention—of "besting," to use a popular word—was in the marrow and bone of the race.*

On ordinary days Fulham is one of the quaintest and quietest suburbs of London; and people and vehicles dribble over the rickety wooden bridge very slowly to Putney. It is only when the crews go down for their final training that the two old-fashioned inns on the Surrey side are full of life. Day by day, as the time for the race approaches, the bridge toll-keeper wears a merrier look, and has a more active time of it. Every kind of light and nimble and elegant and fast conveyance appears on the scene. The under-graduate becomes a familiar presence, and in the wake of the young gentlemen of England, who have plenty of money, and at the same time very little experience, follow hosts of betting men of all degrees, from the overdressed, sharp-visaged man than that which the young men of Oxford and Cambridge offer the Londoner every spring.

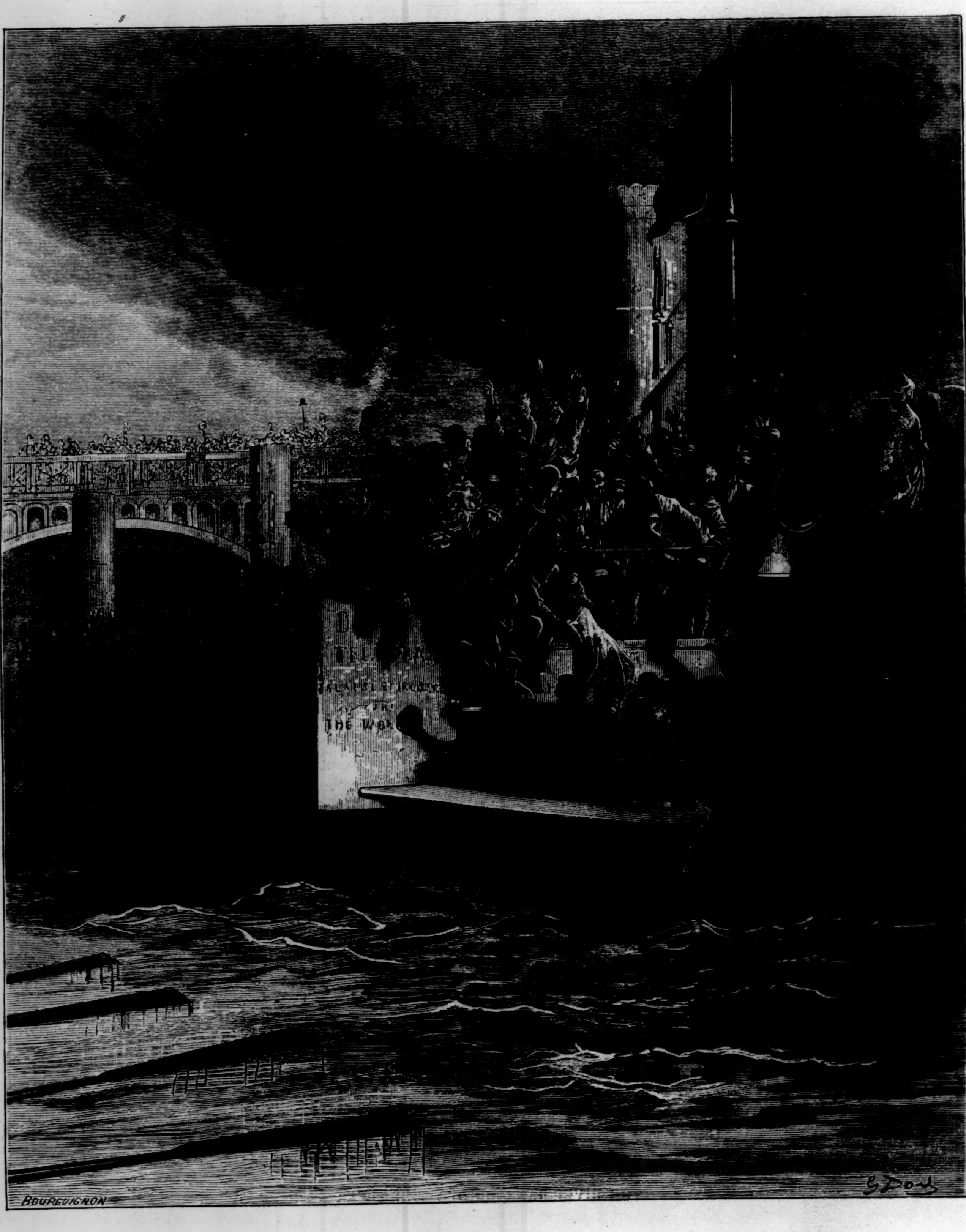
For even the poorest purveyors of the homeliest refreshment to the holiday hosts have a bit of sunlight upon their faces. The match-boys, the letters of chairs and tables, even the shoe-blacks, have caught the laughing spirit of the day. The patterers have a blither voice.

And in the quieter places, under the linden, in the bowers of the ivy-covered houses, it is a day of flirtations, of sweet things said in that time when, the Laureate tells us, a young man's fancy

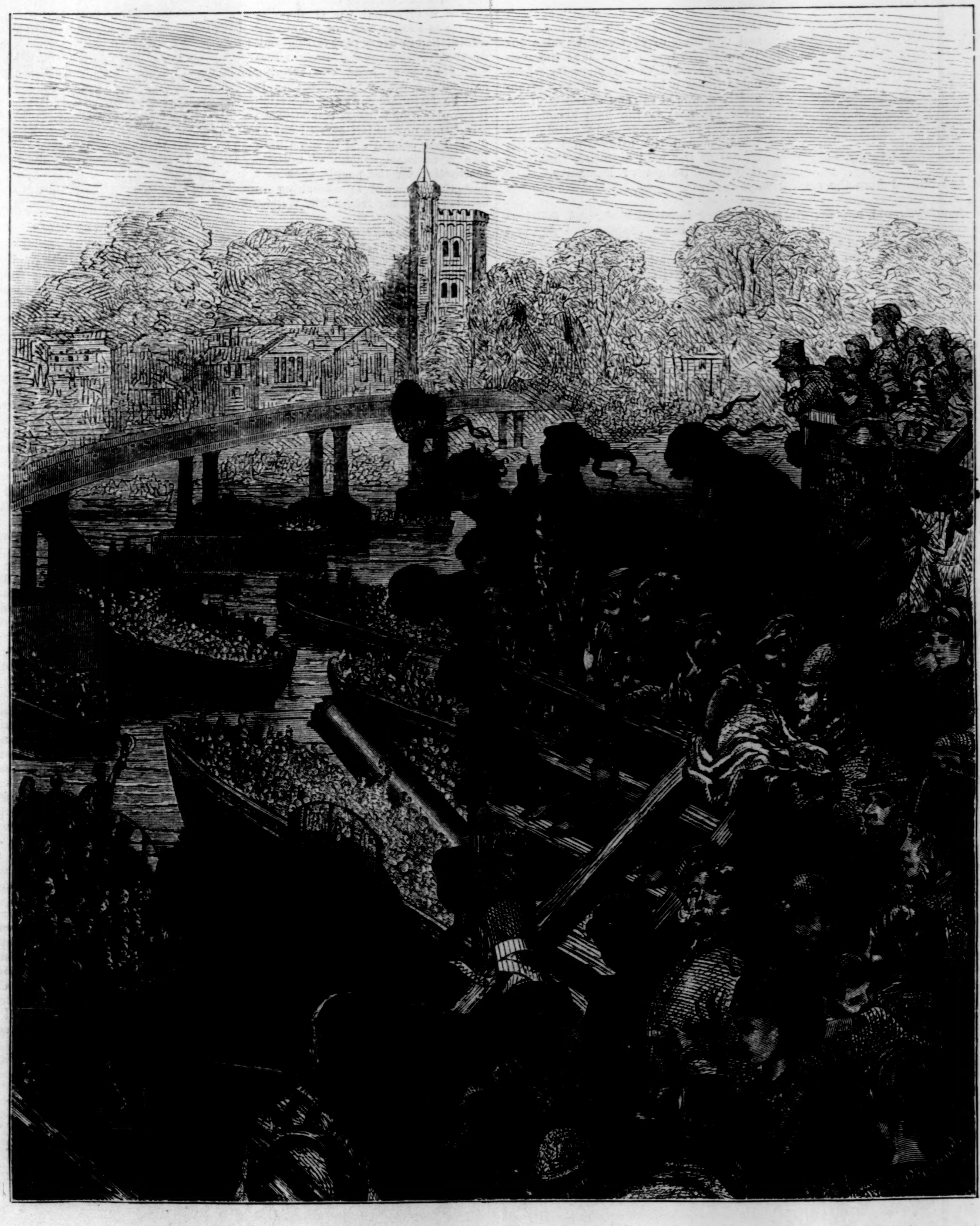
"Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

The lilac is in bloom; from every shady place the violet peeps; the flower girls gather the honeyed cowslip, the anemone, and the primrose from the woods, and the sad eyes of many a London citizen are on the boat-race morning first gladdened by these sweet messengers of Spring.

* "For gourd and fullam holds,
And 'high' and 'low' beguile the rich and poor."



THE RACE.



PUTNEY BRIDGE—THE RETURN.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RACE!

LISTEN! THE GUN! There is a heaving of the entire mass: a low, full murmur rolls along the river-banks. A spasm of intense excitement passes through the two or three hundred thousand people who have packed themselves along the shores to see the prowess of a few University lads. Desperate fellows along the towing-paths take walls by assault, force their way into boats, hoist themselves upon the shoulders of their neighbors.

THEY ARE COMING!

Far away in the distance we catch the cheering, to which the low hum and vibration of excitement under our Terrace (the Limes, Mortlake; the residence of Mr. Marsh Nelson, under whose noble *linden* a brilliant company is annually gathered to see the Derby of the river Thames) is the bass accompaniment. From the haze, where the shores wind, beyond the bridge, roll waving echoes of the wild agitation that stirs the steep hedges of humanity. The boats are thrust and bullied from the central way.

THEY COME!

Amid frantic shouting, amid a snow-storm of pocket-handkerchiefs, and delirious ravings of purple-faced betting men, two lithe, trim, swift boats, dipping one dip and feathering one flame of light, skim along the shining way.

Men and women dance: men who were stern of aspect a moment since make trumpets of their hands, and bawl their joy like bulls. The excitement is too much for many, who absolutely turn away, and mechanically echo the general cry. Cambridge—no, Oxford! Oxford—no, Cambridge! Bravo, Oxford! give it 'em, Cambridge!

Direct and sharp as sword-fish after prey—THEY PASS!

And then a white ocean of faces bursts upon us. Helter-skelter at fullest speed, hidden under their human burden, and gay with bunting, the steamers, serried like guardsmen—a moving wall bearing a convulsed multitude—close behind the fighting crews. The roar dies out slowly and with expiring bursts, like a nearly spent storm, and then rises and rumbles away from us to the winning-post.

The first gun: a second's pause, and then another gun. A fowler lifts the feathers of some pigeons, and the news of the battle has taken wing. And in another minute the strings of the bow are loosened. Features relax, and settle back to the every-day expression. The beggars begin to beg; the poor boys to sell their fusees; the calm coster to open his oysters; and all the world to wonder how they will squeeze through the narrow lanes home by bed-time.

BARNES BRIDGE.

There were many of the mighty army on the road when the van-guard was in bed; and it was with difficulty we sat down to dine with the crews at Willis's Rooms, even at half past nine that night.

The journey back from the boat-race has, of course, many of the diverting as well as many of the wearisome characteristics of the return from the Derby. It may be said that Hammersmith Bridge on this occasion plays the part which Kennington Gate used to play on the Derby Day. Getting away from the Terrace at Barnes, whether on foot or riding, is a work of time, temper, and patience. A little courage, moreover, is not thrown away. The pedestrian has to thread his path through a seething multitude, all pushing for one outlet; horses, carriages, men, and women massed and confused together.

We had been quiet and at our ease under the hospitable Limes during the race, so that we had not been seasoned to the rough usages of the crowd. Anxious to take a close view of the London apprentice disporting himself, we sallied forth upon the Terrace, and at once we had our wish. We were packed close as wax-lights in their box, and pinioned and driven hither and thither by the swaying multitude. Now parted and now pressed close together, we had an ample dose of cockney wit and satire, whetted by London beer and gin. The Frenchman—*entre deux vins*—goes blithely along arm in arm with his mate, taking a second in a popular chorus; but, alas! his English brother is neither so light of heart nor so cultivated, and gives vent to his excitement in jests that are blisters upon the polite ear. I have often thought it was a pity that the Orpheonist system of France was not vigorously established in every part of England, so that workmen and their wives might have at least one refining amusement within their reach. It will be fortunate for us as a nation if the plans for musical competitions which are now being carried out at Sydenham should end in something like a national system of musical instruction for the people, such as I had the pleasure of sketching in concert with my friend Mr. Willert Beale.

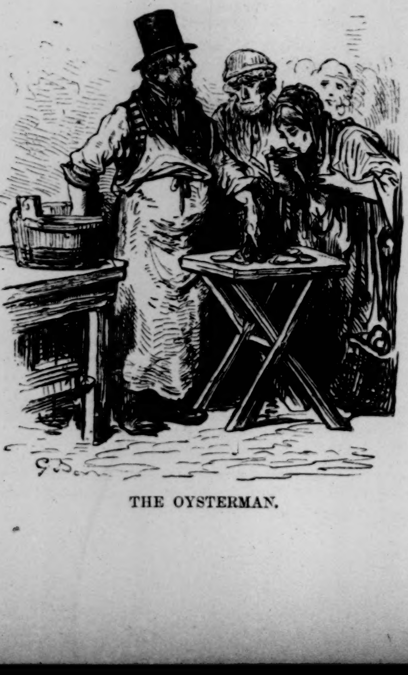
FLOWER GIRLS.

It is on the day of the boat-race that the boys of London are seen in all their glory, and in all their astonishing and picturesque varieties. To watch them on the parapets of the bridges, dangling from the arches, swinging from the frailest boughs of trees, wading amid the rushes, paddling in the mud, scrambling, racing, fighting, shouting along the roads and river-paths, or through the furze of Putney Common, is a suggestive as well as an amusing sight. We studied them in all the rich picturesqueness of rags—poor, hungry, idle little fellows—as they worked valiantly, trying to earn a few pence by disentangling the carriages and leading them to their owners, after the event of the day was over. Little rascals whose heads could hardly touch a man's elbow had the deep-set voices of men. On our way home we paused a long time watching them and speculating on the waste of brave spirit that was going on within them. They were all pale, and nearly all lean; they were babes tossed—their bones hardly set—into the thick of the battle of life.

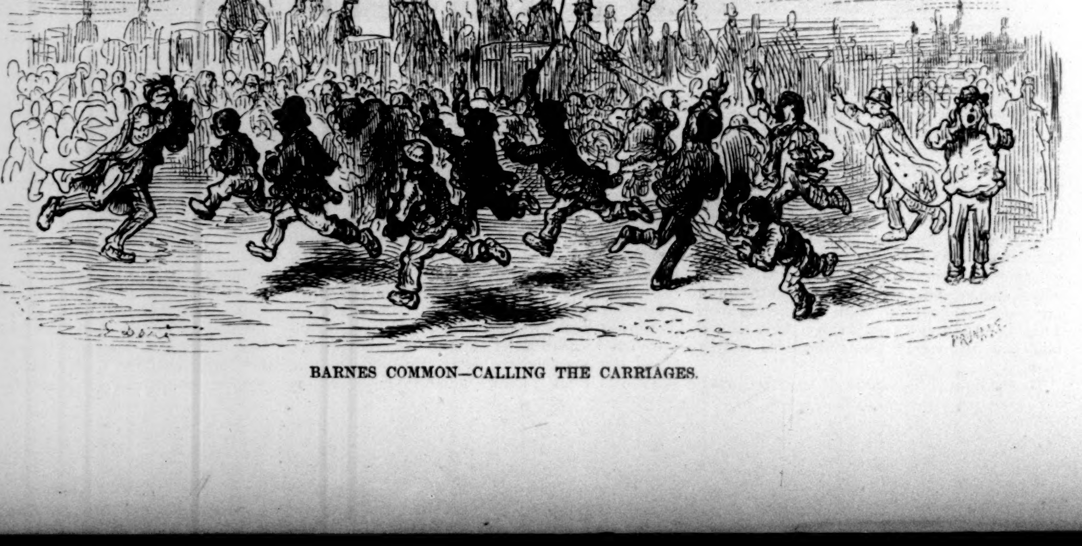
The Cockney *gamin* was the constant wonder of my fellow-pilgrim. It appeared terrible, indeed, to him that in all the poverty-stricken districts of our London children should most abound; that some of the hardest outdoor work should be in their feeble little hands; that infant poverty should be the news-distributor; that, in short, there should be a rising generation hardened in its earliest years to vagabondage, and allured to grow to that most miserable of human creatures, the unskilled, dependent, roofless man.

The race-dinner is as national as the race. At the board the stranger can see at a glance a full representation of the gentlemen of England; and see them when most they represent the salient features of the Anglo-Saxon character. Grouped about the chair are elders of the Universities, fighting their old battles over again, and bathing heartily in the flush and glow of the combatants of to-day. Yonder sits a frail, fair, girlish boy, as composed in his aspect as the Speaker of the House of Commons. He it is who guided the triumphant boat this morning. And about him are comely, graceful, blue-eyed lads, and young men of lithe and muscular form, all marked with that refinement which is native to the cions of cultivated, well-bred sires.

There is spirit, laughter, heartiness enough, but held by a silver thread. The speeches are unstudied and short, but robust; and the dominant idea is, honor to the



THE OYSTERMAN.



BARNES COMMON—CALLING THE CARRIAGES.

valiant Vanquished, for "they are jolly good fellows;" and so say all the company again and again to the subject of every toast; and so declares Mr. Godfrey's band fifty times; and so we all murmur and hum in the cloak-room, in the street, and in the dressing-room.

And so a voice sang early on the morrow morning, between the puffs of a cigar, asking, "What does it signify? What is the meaning of it? *Ce pauvre* Godfrey must have had enough of La la—la la la la la la! —'for they are jolly good fellows!'" etc.

It signifies heartiness—which is a generous plant of English growth, and to be found in all classes—in the contending crews as in the ragged urchins who frantically cheer the files of carriages and cabs home from Mortlake or from Epsom.

They are earning a few pence—apparently enjoying that "freedom wealthy with a crust," of which Barry Cornwall has sung. If there is care in their eyes, there is ever humor on their lips. There is the stuff of heroes in many of these Tom Allalones, if society would only discover the means of getting at it, instead of leaving them to the exclusive cultivation of their vices and bad passions.

Well, here's sixpence for little Jack, and good luck to him every boat-race day!

THE ENCHANTED MANTLE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

ONCE there was an Island, separated from the rest of the world by a mighty ocean flowing illimitably around it. Here dwelt a mother and her two children, a girl and a boy. She loved them exceedingly, and they returned her love; and because the boy was older and stronger than his sister, he took care of and protected her; and she, being delicate and fair, confided in and looked up to him. And it was always Summer around them: ever since the boy and girl could remember it had been warm and pleasant, with sunshine and soft winds.

But one day the mother called her son to her, as she sat in the shadow of the cottage porch looking out to sea. The Sun was resting on a fleecy heap of golden clouds above the water's edge, and the boy saw that long golden lines seemed to stretch from him to them.

"Lionel," said the mother, "it is a law of this Island that no one can remain here after reaching a certain age. My time has come, and I must leave you, to return no more: but hereafter, when your age is fulfilled, you will follow me. Now, when I am gone, you will find the Summer likewise has departed, and instead there will be cold winds and snow, and clouds will gather before the Sun. In those days you will wish to wrap yourself up warmly, and sit before a fire, where the cold and darkness can not reach you. But you must never forget to care first for your little sister; the cold and the darkness will be harder for her to bear than for you, and you must keep her always warm and cheerful until she comes to my arms again."

Lionel looked in his mother's eyes, but said nothing. Something filled his heart so full that he could not speak.

His mother gazed a while in silence over the sea, and the shadow of the cottage porch grew darker around her, so that Lionel began to fear lest she should vanish altogether; but the brightness of the setting Sun had dazzled his eyes so that he could not see plainly. At last his mother spoke again:

"After I am gone you will find in my room a long dark mantle which your father left me when, many years ago, he reached his allotted age and departed from us. This mantle is enchanted, and when you see it you will very much wish to wear it: and if you should do so you would be enabled to see me where I am gone. Notwithstanding, you must never yield to this desire until your sister Rose shall have ceased to require from you any further protecting care and labor; for as long as you wear the mantle you will be powerless to give her any assistance in time of need, or keep her warm and cheerful in the Winter weather; and though you would be able to see me, I should look pale and sad, and the cold winds and darkness would increase around you. But if you have strength to resist the spell of the enchanted mantle until your whole duty to your sister is performed, you may then wear it without fear, and I shall appear bright and smiling to you, even more so than you have known me here."

As his mother ceased speaking, the shadow of the cottage porch became so deep that Lionel could scarcely see her where she sat. Nevertheless, it seemed to him that she bent over him and kissed his forehead and his eyes: and when he opened his eyes again she was gone. But looking across the sea, where the last glimpse of the Sun was just sinking beneath it, he noticed a bright golden path, extending thence to the Island shore; and at the further end of the path, where it was merged in the Sun, he thought he saw his mother standing with the glory all about her. Then something so dimmed his eyes that he could hardly distinguish her; yet it seemed to him that just before she vanished she looked around at him and smiled. He stood gazing until the sea had become dark and gray, the golden path had vanished, and a cold wind, which came sighing from the east, had begun to drive the breakers into foam against the shore. Then he withdrew, with a shiver, into the cottage, and lit a candle, and entered his mother's room.

By the light of the candle, as he looked around the chamber, he saw a long dusky cloak, or mantle, thrown over the chair on which his mother used to sit. It hung in sombre folds, unrelieved by any bright embroidery or trimming. As he gazed upon it wonderingly—for he never remembered to have seen it before—he was conscious of a strange and almost irresistible longing to put it on. It seemed to him that it would protect him, as nothing else could, from the chill of the east wind which was already beginning to whistle around the cottage. He even felt as if it would in some way bring back to him the comfort of his mother's presence and love. So he approached and lifted the heavy mantle from the chair. As he did so a dreamy, enervating sensation began to steal over him: his strength and vigor seemed to ebb away, and the noise of the sea waves on the shore sounded in his ears like the voice of one sobbing in her sleep—like the voice of his mother!

But ere the dusky cloak could descend over him he heard his sister Rose calling to him loudly: "Lionel! brother Lionel! where are you?"

Lionel started, and let the cloak fall back upon the chair. In a moment all his mother had said rushed over him. This, then, was the enchanted mantle of which she had spoken—this the effect of the spell it had already begun to cast over him. Even now he could scarcely shake it off; but summoning all his strength, he rushed from the room, and ran to find his sister, who sat shivering on the door-step; and for the first time in her life there were tears in her eyes. In his anxiety to cheer and comfort Rose, Lionel forgot all about the dusky mantle.

"What makes the sea so gray and angry?" asked she, tearfully; "why is the wind so cold? and where is our mother gone?"

"The last I saw of her," replied Lionel, "she was standing on the farthest edge of the sea, close by the Sun: and I think she must be gone to him, so that whenever he shines we may know that she is smiling on us. And then we shall not mind any more about the cold winds and the angry sea."

So Lionel took his little sister back into the cottage, and brought wood and built up a warm fire in the fire-place; and the light danced and flickered about the room, playing all sorts of pranks with the chairs and tables and the ornaments on the mantel-piece; and Rose and Lionel sat looking into the fire, her little hand resting in his. It seemed almost as if the sunshine had come back to them. At last Lionel cried out:

"See, Rose, in that red-hot coal is a perfect picture of the sea and the Sun resting on it; and in the Sun can you not see our mother's face smiling out at us?"

"Yes! yes!" cried Rose, clapping her little hands for joy; "and now we need never fear the cold and darkness out-of-doors, for we can always have our mother's sunshine in the cottage!" So that night they both slept soundly, and Rose dreamed that the warm weather and soft winds had come back, all the more delightful for having been lost. But Lionel thought he was standing by his mother's chair, on which hung the enchanted mantle, and wondering whether the time had not yet come when he might put it on. Then he heard a voice calling him, and awakening with a start, he saw Rose standing over him, looking scared and puzzled. The ground, she said, had become all white and soft, and oh! so very cold; and the water had turned into a hard, transparent stone, and the air was full of little cold white feathers, which were blown about so thickly that one could hardly see across the garden.

So Lionel gave up all thought of the mantle for that day, and springing out of bed, he kissed his sister good-morning, and set to work to make things warm and pleasant for her in-doors. When he had kindled another roaring fire on the hearth he put on his tallest boots and his warmest coat, and plunged boldly forth into the cold white snow-storm. He gathered together all the sticks of wood he could find in the neighboring forest, brought them in great armfuls to the house, and piled them up under the shed, until there was enough to last for many days to come. Then he took the spade and shoveled pathways all around the house, and out to the barn, for Rose to walk on, so that when the evening came round again every thing about the cottage was quite comfortable and cheerful, and Rose declared she was almost as happy as before the winter began. And again that night the children sat hand in hand before the blazing, crackling fire; and as it fell gradually into glowing embers they fancied, from time to time, they caught the glimmer of their mother's smile. At last, when the fire had died out, and Rose was sleeping quietly, Lionel stepped on tiptoe to his mother's room, opened the door, and looked in at the dusky mantle hanging on the chair.

"Perhaps," he whispered to himself, "I may be allowed to wear it to-morrow." But even as he spoke he heard Rose turn uneasily in her bed, and thought she murmured something in her sleep. So he closed the door with half a sigh, because he felt that he must wait yet longer ere the time should come.

The snow lasted a long, long while, until the children almost believed that the Summer had been a dream, and there never had been any thing else than ice and snow. The sky was almost always covered with heavy gray clouds, which hid the Sun; but in time the children grew fond even of the clouds, they looked down upon them so softly and tenderly, and piled themselves into such strange, fantastic shapes. And once in a while, when the day closed and the Sun sank below the ocean, the clouds would gather round him, all dressed in magnificent robes of gold, crimson, and purple, and stand waiting in solemn and superb array until he had disappeared, and the gorgeous vestments vanished with him. At such times Lionel's mind would revert, he knew not why, to the enchanted mantle in his mother's room, and he wondered whether it would ever be transformed into splendid colors like the gloomy clouds. And sometimes he marveled that the Sun should make those very clouds that strove to obscure his beauty the means of making that beauty more grand and magnificent than it could otherwise have been. Then he would ask himself whether he should be able so to glorify the magic mantle when the time for him to wear it arrived. And often it would seem to him he could no longer wait, he so longed to cover himself with the dark folds, and feel again the drowsy influence of the spell, and look once more upon his mother's face. But whenever the longing was most irresistible the voice of his sister Rose would come to him, and something in his heart would whisper that his duty was yet unaccomplished, and the mysterious mantle must still remain hanging on his mother's chair.

So the days went by, and the months, and gradually the years, and still the children lived together in the cottage. In their outward guise, to be sure, they were children no longer, for Lionel was tall and strong and stately, with deep, tender eyes and grave, determined lips; and Rose was lovely, womanly, and graceful, with sweet, confiding eyes and soft brown hair. But all this was outside: there was nothing old about their hearts, and in each other's eyes they were children still. Rose always looked up to and trusted in her brother, as in the Summer days so long ago; and Lionel protected and cared for his little sister just as lovingly and tenderly as when they first were left alone together. And because the time had never once come, in all these years, when he could say, "Now all is done for her that I can do, and there is nothing to prevent my giving myself up to the spell of the enchanted mantle," therefore it still remained undisturbed in his mother's room, and many years had passed since he had even opened the door to look at it. But once in a while there would be a whisper in his heart, "The time is coming, Lionel; wait and be patient!" It seemed to him like his mother's voice, and he would enter with renewed hope and courage upon another day—and year.

Still the time went on and on; and now the Winter, which had seemed so endless, began gradually to pass away. The winds grew warmer and gentler; the heavy clouds broke up and floated about in Titanic forms; the Sun came forth again, more glorious than of yore, and soon all the snow had vanished, except that a little of the purest and whitest always rested on the heads of the boy Lionel and his sister Rose, as a memento of the long Winter they had spent together in the cottage. As the Summer came on, the evenings grew longer and more beautiful, and the children, instead of sitting in-doors by the fire, spent much of their time in the porch of the cottage, looking out to sea. Every evening there was a wonderful sunset, each more perfect than the last; every evening, also, appeared the vision of the golden path, extending from the Island shore to the uttermost brink of the sea; and when the Sun sank down and rested a moment, all glowing, on the water's edge, the children would gaze and wonder whether they should not now see their mother's face looking out at them.

At last, one evening, there had been the most glorious sunset of all. The loveliest clouds in the heavens had collected together to see it, and each reflected and multiplied the splendor. The sea was calm, and painted the wondrous picture on its bosom so marvelously well that it was hard to decide whether the reality or the copy were the better. The souls of the children were filled with joy and love, and for a long time they had been sitting beside each other, silent, but hand in hand, as ever.

So long did the silence last that finally Lionel roused himself from his reverie and pressed his sister's hand. When she did not return the pressure or move, he thought she must be asleep, and spoke to her gently, fearing to awaken her too suddenly. But she slept on, and did not answer him. Then he looked in her face: it was all rosy and glorified with the parting splendor of the Sun, and in the shifting light a sweet and happy smile seemed to hover like a dream about her mouth. A great and solemn awe fell upon Lionel's heart, for he knew that the beautiful and reverend figure in the chair was nothing but the image of the sister he had loved so long and faithfully. But turning his head, he gazed at the brightness across the sea: and in the midst of it he saw his mother's face, and beside it another, which was Rose's, only far fairer and lovelier than it had ever been before. They both smiled radiantly on him, and so faded imperceptibly away.

So thereafter Lionel lived alone in the cottage. The hours passed slowly now, for he had no longer any sister to labor for and protect, and the purpose of his life seemed to have departed with her. He sat often in the shadow of the cottage porch, where the sea breeze lifted his long white hair, and looked wistfully out across the mighty sea.

One day as he was sitting, his head resting on his hand, and lost in thought, he was conscious once more of that mysterious whisper in his heart; but now, instead of bidding him wait and be patient, it repeated softly, over and over again, "The time has come, Lionel! the time has come!" And he knew that now at last it was permitted him to put on the enchanted mantle. He felt, too, that never in all his life had he needed it so much as now. Faithfully had he fulfilled the task which had been given him to do. He had resisted to the end the selfish fascination of the spell; he had grown weak and weary with the lapse of years; and what now remained but to wrap the dark, inscrutable mantle around him and satisfy the life-long yearning of his soul? The long-delayed promise of his mother would be at last fulfilled: he would see her, bright and smiling, in the place whither she had gone; and surely Rose, his sweet and gentle sister, would be with her there.

So he went to the long-closed door and threw it open. Involuntarily he shaded his eyes with his hand, so penetrating was the soft radiance that filled the chamber. There lay the magic mantle, but dusky and sad no longer. It was all one glory of rainbow-tinted stars, that shone and twinkled with a tender lustre. As Lionel's eyes became accustomed to their light he saw that every star contained a picture in its heart, and that it was the picture which gave the brightness to the star. And every picture represented some occasion in his life when he had conquered his desire of wearing the mantle that he might give some help or encouragement to his little sister. It was his own life, weary and cold though he had sometimes thought it, which had so transfigured and illuminated the enchanted mantle as to dazzle even Lionel himself!

He approached, lifted it from the chair, and drew it around his majestic figure. As he did so a peace and happiness of purity and depth unspeakable seemed to well up from within and reinvigorate his soul. A joyful light was in his eyes as he stepped forth for the last time on to the cottage porch. He beheld the Sun once again stooping to the sea, which lay breathlessly awaiting him: and across its bosom he saw the golden path which seemed to invite him onward. And onward he went, with a great Hope increasing in his heart. And now he descried two shining figures advancing down the dazzling way to meet him. Nearer and nearer they came, growing more marvelously beautiful at every step; but, in spite of the brightness, Lionel needed not to shade his eyes, for he himself was well-nigh as resplendent as they. As they approached they held out to him their beautiful white hands, and each took one of his, and kissed him on the forehead and the eyes. So they all three went up the golden road together—his mother and his sister on either side, and Lionel between them; and as they drew near the end of the pathway Lionel heard a grand and mighty sound of music and singing, which seemed to come from far beyond the sea. Then he stood upon the uttermost brink and looked forward: and the glory of the vision was unutterable; but what the vision was no living man can tell.

ALPHABETICAL LIBERTIES.

SOME men have plumed themselves on their power of dispensing with any alphabetical letter at their pleasure. One Tryphiodorus, a Greek poet, is said to have written a poem in which the first part or book had no letter "a," the second no letter "b," and so on. Pindar wrote an ode without an "s." Fulgentius composed a Latin poem comprising as many chapters as there are letters in the alphabet, each chapter dispensing with one particular letter, and all the letters being thus omitted in turn. Lope de Vega, the prolific writer of Spanish novels and dramas, composed five stories, in the first of which there was no vowel "a," in the second no vowel "e," and so on with the other three vowels.

English rhymsters have tried their skill in both these forms; but our language does not lend itself readily to such things. Sometimes one vowel is resolutely used throughout; but the good specimens are few. There are many about equal in demerit to "This Dick is high in his mind; is this instinct?" in which no vowel except "i" is used. A far better is "Persevere ye perfect men; ever keep the precepts ten," in which "e" is the favored vowel. A jeu d'esprit, which has exercised many minds, is a Latin description of rope-making or twine-making, in which every word begins with the letter "c." A French version, not pretending to go so far as this, contrives to use the syllable "cord" as frequently, and in as many different ways, as possible:

Quand un cordier cordant
Veut corder une corde,
Trois cordons accordant
A sa corde il accorde.

Si l'un des trois cordons
De la corde decorde,
Le cordon decordant
Fait décorder la corde.

Doctor Wallis put it into English in the following form:

When a twister a-twisting will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist he three twines doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of his twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.

By adding the words twisting, two, twice, 'twixt, and twain, a couple of extra stanzas were composed:

Untwisting the twine that untwisteth between,
He twists with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twain,
He twisteth the twines he had twisted in vain.

The twain that, in twisting before in the twine,
As twines were intwisted, he now doth untwine,
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He twisting his twister makes twist of the twine.

There is one kind of alliteration which produces a peculiar effect if well managed—beginning every line (after the first) with the same word as that which ends the line immediately preceding; there is an old French poem constructed in this form. Another, much more difficult to compose, is the reciprocal verse, in which each line reads exactly the same whether read forward or backward. In English this is excessively difficult. Gascoigne, who tried hard at it, could contrive no better reciprocal line than one rather unpleasant to read:

Lewd did I live, Evil I did dwel.

The whole line is reciprocal, and so is each half of it; if "dwel" were spelled in the modern form "dwell," the reciprocity would fail.